THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

I know a man who is so fat
He cannot see his feet,
Mamma says I'll be like that
If I eat CREAM of WHEAT.

Painted by Galen J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Comfort, Style and Long Wear

"This is one of the 6 pairs of Holeproof you gave me last Christmas, Julia—and not a hole in them yet."

"They often outwear the guarantee. I'll tell you now what I paid for them—$1.50 for the six pairs."

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WEBSTER'S SAYS

WINCHESTER

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Petey Simmons' Confession

By Which He Endeavors to Regain a Reputation Lost at Siwash College—By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I NEVER expected to write this confession; and I should not be doing it now, either, if I had not gone back to the old home town last week for a visit, and a dear old lady had not said in kind and anxious tones: "I hope, Peter, you are living an upright life now!"

Here in Chicago I have a splendid reputation. All I do is smoke a reasonable number of cigarettes, take a drink now and then, play a little billiards, go to theaters and have a poker party at home occasionally. I am an eminently respectable citizen; but back home, where I never did anything worse than play ball after school a little too near the First National Bank windows, I am regarded as a character who would make a black sheep look like a beaconlight in the darkness. I have a past which I cannot live down, and I am going to explain that past because it makes me exceedingly tired.

Tired is the word—I am tired of being a criminal back home. I want to go back there and enjoy myself. I want the dear old ladies to stop worrying about me. I want mothers to stop pointing me out to their children as I pass, saying to them in awful accents: "My son, there goes Peter Simmons, who was once a boy like you and probably smoked cornsilk cigarettes. When he went away to college he was arrested at the age of seventeen by a policeman!!!"

After Dinner We All Went Into the Big Loafing Room

I am going to write the whole thing out; and if THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will publish it I am going to send a copy back to every man, woman and child at home. I would have written it long ago—but, to tell the truth, whenever I have tried to do it my blushes have overheated the pen and stopped proceedings.

Of all the things that have happened to me, about the easiest thing to remember is my first day in Siwash College. I can recall quite readily the night I was graduated from the high school in a black suit and a murderous high collar, and recited an essay on the Conquest of the Future, falling off the universe at the end of the third page and remaining suspended in space while I tried to remember the next paragraph.

And I can remember, with scarcely an effort, the evening when I was married against a large, tickly fern, with my two clammy hands in white kid gloves, and Allie Bangs exhorting me—when all was growing black before my eyes—to brace up and prepare for the worst, which the boys were then preparing. But whenever I get a dull red behind the ears and begin to perspire with high-tension embarrassment I know I am about to remember the day when my chum Bugs Wilbur and I climbed on the afternoon local train amid the cheers of our admiring friends and started for Siwash College to absorb knowledge and do great deeds.

Of course we knew we were green; but the trouble was, our knowledge of greens was limited. So far as green went we were practically color blind. Our experience with the color stopped about two hundred and seventy-four full shades short of our own. New Congressmen are not so green as new Freshmen. Neither are new kings nor new baseball stars nor new fathers, because history and statistics help all these folks out. But there is nothing to help the young man who goes to college, because he has no means of suspecting what is going to happen to him. The college itself does not suspect it half the time. If ever a good, highgrade prophet were to be put on the job of mapping out the first week's happenings in a real frisky little college he would quit with an imagination full of stripped gears in less than an hour.

So Bugs and I traveled on blithely together, planning how we would ooze quietly into Jonesville, where Siwash College was, and partially look over the ground for a day or so before bursting upon the institution. And we were just as surprised as could be when a dazzling chap, magnificently caparisoned, strolled out of a group that was devastating the front end of the car and asked us if we were new students.

All at once it occurred to me that perhaps new students were not allowed to ride in chair cars, and that we might be breathing air that could be put to a better use. Of course I had paid my fare, but I would willingly get off if I had intruded. I tried to say all this, but I was nervous and my voice ran away in a cowardly fashion. Finally I backed it into a corner of my throat and got a grip on it.

"Y-Yes, sir," I said.

"Do you mind my riding with you a little way?" said the personage.

"You're perfectly willing—I mean you're persomely—All right!" said Bugs.

"It's a little hard to get settled and acquainted," said the stranger, who was twenty-one if he was a day, and looked like a man who went in to see governors and talk things over with them. "But it's the greatest school in the world, and you'll be fighting for it in a week. My name's Andrews."

"Mine's Simmons," I said, slipping my cuffs out of sight—Andrews was not wearing striped cuffs—and shaking hands with him.

"Mine's Wilbur," said Bugs, throwing his coat over to hide his fancy vest—Andrews was wearing a plain one.

"You'll make a lot of friends very fast," said Andrews, "and it's going to keep you busy judging them and getting hooked up right. Don't be afraid to consult me. I know pretty much everybody in school. I'm track-team captain and they want me to be president of the Senior Class; but that's just under your hat, you know. If it would be any help to you I'd like to have you come over and stay at my house until you get registered and squared round."

"Oh, say now," I protested, "you don't mean that! Why, we'd be in the way and everything else. We wouldn't dream of imposing on you!"

He laughed and slapped us on the back.

"Forget it," he said gayly. "It's not really my house. A bunch of us own it together. We're a sort of society, you know, and chum together. We have great times! We've got a pretty big house, about twenty rooms—cost fifteen thousand or so, ballroom and all that; and in the fall we're only too glad to make things pleasant for a few of the right sort of stuff—like you. We'd really take it as a favor. You'll find some pretty nice fellows there. There's Saunders, manager of the Glee Club; Whipple, the baseball pitcher; Allen, halfback; Sanderson—you know old man Sanderson, who runs this end

of the Q., B. & C. Railroad—his son. If you'll just come along with me we'll all be pleased. You needn't think I'd ask every Freshman I found on a train; but you're good fellows—and, besides, I know something about you. I've heard of your work in the high school."

I sat still a minute, with my eyes sort of blurry. Then I held out my hand again.

"I'll do anything you say," I muttered; "and if you want any one to go out and drag wild horses round by the tails, just call on me. I'd like to pay you back."

He laughed and got up.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said. "I want to find some of the fellows you ought to know." He went away and we sat silent for a minute, creaking and stretching inside as we swelled up out of nothing into friends of Seniors, and able to win the love of great men by our mere looks. It was magnificent! Bugs was dazed. As for me, I kept bulging and bulging; and my busy little imagination, which is always rambling round a few years ahead of me like a fox terrier, was outlining a career for me that would make the authorities enlarge the college to fit me about my Junior year. So when another superior, hand-polished chap dropped into the seat I greeted him as if we had been old friends who had once stolen watermelons together.

"Do you know the man you were just talking with?" he asked us in a friendly way.

"Sure!" Bugs rattled off. "That's Andrews, captain of the track team—and a mighty good fellow too." He started a laugh, but cut it short and leaned over to me confidentially. "Of course it's not really my affair," he said in a low voice, "but your friend is otherwise known as Gentleman Sam, the slickest confidence man in these parts. He works the same game every year. Gets hold of a few new students, offers to take them over to his house, borrows what money he can, and then skips to work another college. Why they don't arrest him is a mystery! He has some pull, I suppose."

I struggled out of the dust of a thousand air castles indignantly.

"I don't believe it!" I declared flatly.

"Suit yourself!" said my new friend carelessly. "I warned you anyway. He offered to introduce you to some of the big men, didn't he?"

"Y-Yes," I admitted.

"Thought so. He always does. Well, boys, choose your own course. I won't say any more. My name's Ransom, and if you ever want any assistance I'll be glad to do anything I can for you. We always like to help the new boys as much as we can at Siwash."

My mind was flopping round and round, completely out of gear. I was also reducing in size. I fitted the car very comfortably now; in fact the seat was getting large for me. To tell the truth I was getting lost in a forest of plush. We had been roped in by a sharper before we had even reached the college. After all, we were only country boys in a great, wicked world; and if we ever needed any one to protect us and keep us from losing our shoes it was now.

Ransom had risen. I held out my hand to him.

"I—I'm much obliged to you," I floundered. "I got taken in pretty easily, I guess. Could you direct me to a nice day nursery? I thought I wanted to go to college, but I'm afraid I'd better wait a while."

"Shucks!" said Ransom heartily. "Don't mind that! Lots of us have bitten on the same game. Why, he got my suitcase and fifty dollars when I came to school. That was what interested me in you. I'll tell you," he said confidentially again: "you fellows had better come over to our house to dinner this evening, if you've no place to go, and make a few acquaintances. I'll give you my word I'll not try to borrow money from you." And we laughed at the joke together.

"I'd certainly like to," said Bugs, "if your friends won't mind having cowfood round the place."

"Not at all," said Ransom; "we've all been cowfood. But I think we had better get into the back car, for if that scoundrel comes back he's likely to be ugly. It's an outrage—the pull he's got! No one seems to dare to arrest him."

Ransom proved to be a real good fellow—and an important man in college too. It was wonderful how easily we got acquainted with him. He was calling us

The Crowd Sang Jolly Songs

Petey and Bugs, and we were calling him Old Man by the time we had reached Jonesville; and we had already accepted invitations to half a dozen social events. We were dazed with the wonder of it all—the fellowship that even reached out fifty miles from Siwash and drew the new student lovingly into the fold. Why, in a week we should know every one in college! We felt a proprietary interest in the school already; and when the train stopped, amid a tremendous cheer from the platform, packed with howling, laughing, back-thumping students, we stuck our heads out of the window and cheered back.

I wanted to get right out and begin embracing strangers, but Ransom would not let me. We had to be cautious, he said, because at any minute the sharper might discover us and make trouble. So we dropped off the back platform and started quietly round the riot. We had not gone ten feet, however, before we saw the villain headed our way.

He certainly did look ugly. In two jumps he had Ransom by the collar. They scuffled frantically. I had just gotten in one fair poke at the villain—resolved to die, if necessary, for my friend—when a little chap grabbed Bugs and me.

"Friends of Ransom's?" he asked hastily.

"Yes," said I, not without pride.

There Was a Big Explosion and Somebody Yelled Fire!

Why Did I Ever Leave Home?

"Right this way," he said hurriedly. "Ransom can take care of himself; but they don't do a thing to new students who get into rows! I'll drive you up to the house and Ransom will follow. He's all right!" Before we could object we were in a surrey and driving down the street.

The new boy was one of the finest fellows I had ever met. His name was Briggs, and his sole ambition seemed to be to make us feel at home and comfortable. We would go right to the house, he said, and Ransom would certainly turn up in time for dinner. It was nothing but an ordinary student row, anyhow, and we could not afford to mix in it. We tried to tell Briggs that it was no ordinary row, but that there was a desperate villain at the bottom of it. He just laughed, however, and said that Ransom played guard on the team and ate villains for breakfast. So we leaned back, a little jumbled in our minds, and let Briggs point out all the wonders of the college to us as he drove us slowly past the campus.

After all, we were doing pretty well—Bugs and I. Only two hours ago we had been poor boys, so to speak, without a college friend to our names. Now we were cruising luxuriously about the campus, befriended by great men and accepting invitations to dinner for two weeks ahead. It was great! I began to swell again.

Two beautiful girls hailed Briggs and he stopped the surrey. They begged Briggs to take them uptown, for they were in a tearing rush and just could not walk.

They piled in and I stood on the step while Briggs heartened up the old ruin in the harness and started us toward town. The girls were Seniors in college; and, though Bugs and I were a little more afraid of them than we should have been of grizzly bears, they insisted on becoming intimately acquainted with us. They were wonderfully clever and evidently knew several thousand times more than I could ever hope to learn—but, somehow, everything we said made a hit; and presently we forgot to blush and began to enjoy the ride.

We paraded slowly down the main street; and finally one of the girls got so thirsty, right in the middle of the block, I suggested to Briggs that we stop at a soda fountain. When he got out and went inside, Miss Osterling, who was sitting in the front seat with him, slipped over, grabbed the reins and started the ancient horse up the street on the jump.

Briggs rushed out of the drug store and chased us, with his arms revolving; but the girls giggled and said it was a common joke in college, and that we would drive back and get him pretty soon. So we resigned ourselves to pleasant society and I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more! We just threw aside all reserve and became old friends on the spot; and they told us how glad they were that clever young chaps like ourselves were coming into college, and how dull it had been the year before without

(Continued on Page 30)

THE PRICE OF PLACE

V

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Has Plain, Ordinary Horse-Sense Become a Lost Commodity in This American Nation?"

MARSH spent a good deal of his time at the Capitol, getting acquainted with other members and finding out what his perquisites were. He soon learned the important thing for a new member is to get on a good committee. He had decided he would go on the Judiciary Committee, as that was in his professional line, and he felt his knowledge of the law and his reputation as a lawyer would make him valuable there. As for the other committees he was not so particular, although Public Lands, or Irrigation, or Rivers and Harbors would be to his liking, inasmuch as he came from a Western state where the questions considered by the land and irrigation committees were important and there was some dredging to be done in the big river in his district.

He tried several times to see the man who was slated to be speaker, and who had the making of the committees; but he found the room crowded with members on the same quest as himself. They were all eager to get good places, and were all using every influence they could bring to bear on the speaker, urging their claims and lobbying in every possible way for preferment. Marsh expected the speaker would see him at once, and he was much abashed to find he was of no particular importance in the gathering. Men who had served for years with the speaker came and went into the inner room, but the suave secretary to the speaker and the suaver negro messenger kept him outside, with polite assurances that the speaker would see him presently.

After three attempts the speaker's secretary told him the speaker would see him in half an hour. About an hour after that, during which time Marsh had sat impatiently in the outer room, discussing committee places and nothing else with other waiting members, the negro messenger came over and said: "Mr. Marsh, will you please step this way?"

Marsh went in. The speaker was sitting low in a chair. He was chewing the stub of a cigar. He did not rise, but nodded and said: "Marsh?" with a sharp rising inflection.

"Yes, Mr. Speaker."

"Sit down." The speaker removed his cigar, spat vigorously and asked abruptly: "Well, what do you want?"

"I want to consult with you on my committee places."

"Which do you prefer, Ways and Means or Appropriations?" the speaker asked with elaborate irony.

"Why, I hadn't thought of either; but of course ——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," said the speaker impatiently, "that was a josh, young fellow! Now what do you want?"

"I thought I might be of service on the Committee of Judiciary, and would take details on Public Lands and Irrigation, or possibly, Rivers and Harbors."

"You would take those, would you? Agreeable and accommodating young person, I should say!"

"Of course, if there are other equally good places ——"

The speaker rose and walked across the room, talking to himself: "They are all alike, they are all alike," he muttered. "Come in here fresh from the brush and want to go on the biggest committees right on the jump. Has plain, ordinary horse-sense become a lost commodity in this American nation?" He turned to Marsh. "Don't you know," he snarled, "that there are more than two hundred fellows just like you here now, all hoping to get on the big committees and driving me to drink because I can't make more places than there are? Don't you know that experience is the only thing that counts in this House, and that I can't jump a lot of you new men over the heads of the boys who have been in the game for years? Wake up, young fellow, wake up! Judiciary, hey?"

"Yes, I would prefer Judiciary," said Marsh, who felt very small and insignificant.

"Well, you can't have Judiciary, for every cornfield lawyer who oozes into this House makes a break for that committee right off the bat. You can't have Judiciary. That's full and running over already."

"What can I have?"

The speaker looked at a list he had on the table. "I want to do the best I can for you," he said. "I can put you at the bottom of District of Columbia or put you on Mines and Mining. Probably I can squeeze you in on a smaller one or two. Which will you have?"

Marsh knew nothing about either committee. He asked for time. "All right," said the speaker. "Drop me a note when you have made up your mind. Remember, now, I want to do the best I can for you, but the pressure is frightful, and every man who comes in here thinks he is a king, whereas most of them are pawns. Drop me a line when you've decided. Don't come round here for a few days for I'm busy—I'm so damned busy I can't get time to sleep."

Marsh inquired about the committee places. He discovered that the House and Senate District of Columbia committees act as the boards of aldermen and councilmen for the city of Washington, and that the committee is an important one. Still he was undecided and perplexed. He didn't want to appear too green and he was cautious when talking things over with other members he had met. So he turned to McManus and telegraphed to him: "Can go on District of Columbia or Mines and Mining. Which do you advise?"

A few hours later he received this reply: "Take D. C. McManus."

Next day Marsh went over to call on the senior senator from his state, William N. Paxton, a warrior of the Republican party, who had been in the House of Representatives for many years and then had been promoted to the Senate. He was sixty years old, short, ruddy, good-humored, rich, although he had had no visible means of support, save politics, for forty years, and he was a fixture in the Senate apparently. He seemed a jolly, pleasant man, but he could be as cold as a wedge when the occasion demanded, and he had a reputation that extended all over the country for standing by his party and his friends. He was not an orator, but was a good, straightforward talker, convincing in debate and one of the most adroit politicians in the Senate. He had reached the age when all he cared for was the pleasure of being a part of things, and he was under no delusions about either the congressional machinery or the congressional machinists.

He might have retired and lived a life of ease, but he couldn't. As long as there was a breath in him he would be in politics, and no man in the Republic was more skillful in keeping his fences up and his constituents well in hand. He was famed for his dinners, liked to play poker with his cronies, loved to sit in the cloakroom and swap stories, and was always at hand where there was work to be done, and had great potency in shaping the affairs of the Senate. Indeed, he was one of the little oligarchy of five or six members who controlled the majority in the Senate and thus controlled the Senate.

"Glad to see you," he said to Marsh. "Hoped you would get round. Most of the other boys have been over. How are you making out?"

"All right, I guess," Marsh replied. "The speaker says I can go on District of Columbia or on Mines and Mining."

"I spoke to him about you, the other day. If I were you I'd take District of Columbia. Plenty of hard work on that committee, but it gives you an insight into the town where you'll spend most of your time for some years, if you are as successful as I think you will be, and might result in your personal advantage."

"Great Scott!" blurted Marsh, "am I nothing in this Congress? Can't I get anything on my own account without help from you or McManus. Where do I come in? I am a member of the House, elected on my own merits. Am I a zero in this layout?"

Senator Paxton smiled indulgently. "Have a cigar," he said, "and listen to me for a minute." He took a box of cigars from his desk, held it out while Marsh made a selection, took one himself, lighted it carefully, looked at the end intently to see that the fire was even, blew a puff of smoke or two into the air, took out his cigar again, and again inspected the burning end, crossed his legs comfortably and began:

"Now, Marsh, you mustn't think your case is any different from the cases of the vast hordes of new members who have been flocking in here since we began to do business at this stand. It isn't. You are a new member. Nobody here gives a whoop about you until you prove up. I have served in the House and I have served in the Senate, and I want to tell you one thing and that is this: The House of Representatives of the United States of America is the greatest democracy on this earth. It doesn't make a particle of difference what you have been or what you have done before you go there. Past performances do not count; you have to prove up all over again. You have got to make good right there on the floor of that House and in its committee rooms, before the other members will take you at your own estimate or at the estimate of the people who sent you there.

"You think you are an orator. Perhaps you are. Putting aside the fact that oratory doesn't get you much of anything in the House, and personal influence does get you a whole heap, the mere statement that you are an orator means nothing. You have got to show those boys there on the floor. You have got to make a speech or a series of speeches and convince them. And you've got to make them here on this spot, not out in Morganville or anywhere else.

"You are a lawyer. I know you are a good one. But these fellows don't know it, and they will refuse to believe it until you show them you are a lawyer. You may have won plenty of cases and had a reputation at your local bar, but it takes a demonstration of your legal acumen in Washington to convince these doubting Thomases. And don't misunderstand me. They won't hinder you in your showing what you are. They will help you. They are kindly, human, decent folks, and all of them are playing the same game that you are playing. But you've got to display your wares. Every man stands on his own feet in the House of Representatives. He makes or unmakes himself there. If you have the goods they will accept those goods after they have examined them, but not before or on your say-so.

"Successful legislators are made so by experience, and by no other method. Compared to a mediocre experienced man who knows the mechanics of the outfit, the brightest man in the country, without experience, is a child in getting results. Experience is what counts—knowledge of what to do and how to do it. You won't amount to a hill of beans during your first term, or probably during your second term. You've got to learn, but if you are the kind of a man I take you for you will learn right enough, and then you can be of some value to your constituents and to yourself."

Senator Paxton stopped and puffed reflectively at his cigar. Marsh was listening eagerly.

"Now let me tell you some things I have learned during my years at Washington. If you will take the trouble to look over the men who are the leaders in this House and this Senate you will undoubtedly think some of them are

misfits, has-beens and never-wases, that they are not big enough for the places they hold, or are old dodoes past their prime who should give place to younger and stronger men. That may be so, but if you will go into the subject you will find there isn't one of these men for whom there isn't a reason as big as the Washington Monument—a reason, Marsh, a reason back home or here.

"Men do not get prominence in Congress by haphazard methods, by luck, or by any procedure other than the hard work that gives them the all-essential experience in legislation and the ability to realize on it. There always is a reason for the power of these men, and a mighty good one too.

"Moreover, right here at the beginning of your career I want to tell you of the mistake that has wrecked more congressional careers than any other. That is the mistake of forgetting the people back home. Men come here term after term, get infatuated with Washington life, begin to think they are secure, don't go back home and mix with the boys, forget their obligations or become impatient over them, and one day they wake up and find that some bright young lawyer, who has been moving about the district, has beaten them for the nomination, and they become the most melancholy objects on this green earth—retired statesmen, ghosts who wander about thinking ghostly thoughts of past glories and filled with ghostly memories of other and happier days.

"Don't forget the folks back home are the ones who send you here. No matter how important you may get to be here, the folks back home have the votes. They are the foundations and the arches and the towers and the battlements of your structure."

The senator stopped and smoked again. "Marsh," he said, "forgive me for lecturing you, but I want to see you succeed. I can't live forever. There's no reason why you shouldn't take my place in the Senate when I go—no reason except one."

"What is that?" asked Marsh, already seeing visions of himself in the Senate.

"Perhaps you won't play the game."

"Play the game?"

"Yes, you must play the game. You must be regular, you must be with the organization, you must act with your majority, if it is a majority, or with your minority, if it is a minority. The success the Republican party has had all these years has been due to its discipline, to its organization. Every soldier has taken orders and obeyed them. You must play the game."

Marsh walked up to his hotel, revolving in his mind what the senator had said. He recalled the insistence of everybody that he must play the game. What was the game? He wondered if he would be a good player and if it would be a good game.

VI

CONGRESS opened with a great bustle and clamor. The new speaker was elected. Marsh was given two assistant doortenders as his share of the patronage doled out by what was known as the Hog Combine, an organization of older majority members who had the influence and votes to control the distribution of the pie, and was told he might have a fifteen-hundred-dollar extra clerk later in the session. McManus promptly sent on men for the places. Marsh was assigned to the committees on District of Columbia, Revision of the Laws and Expenditures in the Navy Department. He soon found these latter committees were merely ornamental, like many others, and for the purpose of providing chairmanships and clerks to the faithful. The House droned along for a few days, took the Christmas recess, and came back early in January to square away for the work of the session.

Marsh and his wife went to Morganville for Christmas and spent a week at the home of Mrs. Marsh's mother, a widow who had a small income from her husband's life insurance. Dorothy was well and was progressing in her studies. They returned to the Bruxton Hotel a day or so before New Year's and Mrs. Marsh took up the consideration of her social plans. Marsh was in receipt of some little money when he was in Morganville on an old account, but he was not happy financially. His hotel bills were bigger than he had thought they would be and Mrs. Marsh needed more money than he expected she would.

"Molly," he said one day at breakfast, "when are you going to start something socially?"

"Pretty soon," Mrs. Marsh replied. "Next week, Wednesday, I am going with some of the other ladies to make the Cabinet calls and on the Thursday after that to make the senatorial calls. Then we are to have our first reception here the week after that."

"Who's we?"

"The congressional ladies living in this hotel," said Mrs. Marsh with much dignity.

There were fifteen or sixteen of them, mostly wives of representatives from the West and South, and not many of them who had been much in Washington, although several of the husbands had served two terms and one had lived in the city during Congresses for six years. However she was a quiet woman and not much taken with society, and the two-termers were the social arbiters for that hotel set.

Four of the ladies, including Mrs. Marsh, engaged a carriage jointly and set out to make the Cabinet calls on the required Wednesday. When Marsh got home that night Mrs. Marsh was waiting for him in the lobby, blazing with indignation.

"Oh, Jim," she gasped.

"What's the matter, Molly?" he asked. "Did some of the Cabinet women bite you?"

"If you knew what I have gone through this afternoon you wouldn't talk to me that way!" she flared.

"Come upstairs, Molly," soothed Marsh, "and then you can tell me all about it. What happened?" he asked, when they had reached the room.

"What happened? What didn't happen? I never was so humiliated in my life. If you don't do something about it I'll go straight home to Morganville."

"But how the devil can I do anything until I know what there is to do?"

"Well, Mrs. Going and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Exeter and myself took a carriage this afternoon to make our Cabinet calls."

"Did you have to make them?"

"Of course; else the Cabinet women won't call on us, you see. It was bad enough at the first house we went to. There was a butler at the door and he took our cards, and pretty soon we were ushered up a stairway and into a room full of women with a lot of them standing in a line, at the head of which was the Cabinet woman, and we were introduced to her and then passed down the line. Before I got to the end my name had been twisted from Marsh to Smarsh and Larsh and Darsh and the end woman called me Smith, and all of them stuck out clammy hands to us and limply shook them at us, and said: 'How-do' and asked us: 'How do you like Washington?' and then went on talking to one another. A servant shoved us over to a table where there was a sort of a pink lemonade and some little frowsy ladyfingers on plates, and another servant dipped us out a sloppy cup of the pink stuff that tasted a little like that champagne we had at the hotel the first night we came, only very weak. We drank it and then stood round on one foot and the other, and not one of the women in the line paid any attention to us or looked as if she knew we were on the earth. At last we escaped."

She stopped out of breath.

"That was pretty tough!" laughed Marsh.

"You wait," she went on. "That's not the worst. We went to another Cabinet place and it was about the same there, although this Cabinet woman is from our state and she asked me if I lived in it. And every last one of the ladies in the line said: 'How-do, Mrs. Parsh; how do you like Washington?' and we drank some more of that horrid pink stuff, only this time it was yellowish.

"At the next place the Cabinet woman didn't have any one to help her receive. She was doing it alone. She stood in the hall talking to two young squirts of Central American legation second-secretaries, and as the butler announced us she never even turned her head, but stuck out her hand at us and said: 'How-do,' and kept on talking. We were shooed into a drawing room and there found a lot of other women, congressmen's wives, too, standing round like a lot of schoolgirls and not knowing what to do. She kept on talking and laughing with the two little pie-faced secretaries, and we stood there like a lot of geese until some woman, I don't know who she was, announced she was not going to put up with it any longer, and made for the door. We all followed, and the Cabinet woman never even noticed us. When one of us went up to her and said: 'We have enjoyed our visit with you, Mrs. Secretary,' she sort of raised her eyebrows as if to ask: 'Who the dickens are you and how did you get in here?' and kept on talking, and never even said goodby or anything. I'm not going to stand that sort of thing, Jim, and you've just got to do something about it."

"All right, all right," soothed her husband; "but come on down to dinner now."

The hotel that night buzzed with the discussion and comment on the action of the Cabinet woman. The older ones tried to pacify the newer ones by telling them how perfunctory these Cabinet calls were, anyhow, and how the only recognition they would get would be some day when a carriage would drive up in front of the hotel and a footman come in and hand the clerk a lot of cards for the ladies who had left their cards, and ten to one the Cabinet woman wouldn't be in the carriage even.

Then came the first grand reception of the congressional ladies of the hotel. There was much excitement and meetings were held in the lobbies and in the parlors for several days to discuss plans, arrange details and make out lists of those to whom cards should be sent. The older ones fixed up the notices for the society columns of the newspapers,

Mrs. Marsh Brought Out Her Entire Wardrobe

"I Know That You Will Be a Great Success Socially"

telling how the ladies of the hotel would receive on Tuesday afternoon, and giving their names. Next morning the papers were eagerly read to see if the notice was printed. It was there near the bottom, and Mrs. James Marsh cut the items out of her papers and carefully preserved them. It was the first time her name had appeared in the social columns of a newspaper printed outside of Morganville, but she firmly resolved it should not be the last.

There were long discussions over the list of those to whom cards should be sent. Some were for including this one and excluding that one. "You must send cards to everybody," explained the third-termer, the quiet woman who didn't care for society. "Then, no matter if none of the big ones come, you can send the papers a notice saying: 'Among those invited were,' and give all the best names, and nobody but the society editors will know they didn't come, especially nobody back home when we send the papers out."

So everybody was invited, and there was much planning of costumes and remodeling of gowns and discussing over the proper places to put the ferns and palms and rubber plants that were to be hired from the near-by florist to supplement the dusty foliage that stood permanently about the hotel lobby and in the parlors.

The grand afternoon came. At four o'clock the congressional ladies of the Bruxton Hotel gathered in the parlors. Each lady wore her very best specimen of the home dressmaker's art, and each one carried a bunch of pink carnations or pink sweet-peas tied with pink gauze—each one except Mrs. Marsh. She carried a cluster of roses, and some of the other women wondered why they hadn't bought roses, too, for Mrs. Marsh's flowers gave her a real air of distinction. Besides, hers were tied with satin ribbon and not with pink gauze. All the ladies had on white gloves.

There was a faint smell of benzine, mingled with the odors of the heavy perfumes some of them used and the frozen florist-smell of the cold-storage flowers. They looked self-conscious and important and most of them were nervous. Not many of them ever had participated in so fashionable a function as this, and each watched the other to see what should be done, copying the airs of those who appeared at ease. These sophisticated ones, really nervous themselves, took their cues from the older ones who had been to big receptions and had observed at close range the manners of the real social leaders.

Guests who came to the reception were expected to turn sharply to the right after they entered, pass along a corridor and thence into the parlors. A cluster of baskets, all tied with ribbons and each bearing a card on which was the name of one of the ladies in the receiving line, was on a table in this corridor. The visitors were expected to drop their three cards—two for the husband and one for the wife—into whichever of these baskets belonged to the receiving lady who was the particular object of that particular call. Thus Mrs. Marsh's friends would drop their cards in Mrs. Marsh's basket, and Mrs. Marsh would know, after the reception, to whom she owed calls. A bowl of punch had been provided, and a negro in white gloves and a spotted dress suit was serving it. It was near-champagne punch—three bottles of a domestic brand in a gallon of water, with sugar and lemons and a few other things added. There were small cakes on plates and little lettuce sandwiches.

The women stood in groups, looking like weeping willows and waiting for their callers. It was ghastly for the first half hour, for nobody came, and a few of the newer congressional ladies of the Bruxton Hotel were on the verge of tears over the failure of their début as hostesses. However, in about three-quarters of an hour a few women dropped in, the Bruxton ladies formed themselves into a wavering line, and these guests, who were from the congressional sets in the other hotels, were presented in turn. They stood about for a few moments, chatted, asked their hostesses how they liked Washington, assured them they would like Washington very much—"the social life is so interesting"—had some punch and slipped away. At a half after five there had been forty or fifty callers and the reception was an assured success. The congressional ladies of the Bruxton Hotel were jubilant; but they still clung desperately to their flowers, and listened eagerly for the roll of carriage wheels on the asphalt outside, as they knew the really fashionable women delayed their calls until the last.

There had been no carriage calls, but at twenty minutes to six a carriage drove up, a real carriage with a liveried coachman, a liveried footman, and a crest on the door of it. It could be nothing less than a Cabinet carriage, the excited ladies said, as they peered through the window, and there was a great fluttering of hearts and fans and hurried scramble to get in line to receive the distinguished guest. They waited. No one came. Then a curious hostess peeked through the window.

"Oh, dear," she said, "she's not coming in. She's only leaving cards!"

It was true enough. The distinguished guest—who was a Cabinet lady, for some of the Bruxton ladies recognized the carriage—didn't deign to call in person. Instead, if she happened to be in the carriage, which no one could tell, she sent her footman to the door with her three cards—two for the secretary and one for herself—and the footman gave the cards to the doorman, hurried back, hopped on the box, and the carriage rumbled away, the ceremony being over. The Bruxton ladies were disappointed, of course, for they hoped she might stay a minute or two with them, but there was much satisfaction in the thought that a real one had left cards. That meant a lot, especially for the fortunate and envied Bruxton lady for whom the cards were left, although all the ladies felt they shared, to some extent, in the reflected glory of the event. There were a few more ordinary calls, and at six o'clock the husbands came along, tested the punch, then left immediately for the bar. The women hurried to gather their baskets and inspect their cards.

Each of the Bruxton congressional ladies shuffled rapidly through her cards, sorting them into the groups of threes, to see if the Cabinet lady had called on her. Each hoped she was the magnet that drew the social leader to the reception, and each magnanimously decided not to be too haughty about it, but to take a call from a Cabinet lady as a matter of course. As the Bruxton ladies finished their cards, some of them sorting them out twice to make sure, each one glanced covertly round to see who had secured the prize. They were all disappointed and they all showed it. The cards of the Cabinet lady were not in any basket. Instead, they were found on one of the small tables that had held the baskets.

It was an embarrassing situation, to be sure. The footman, being rather bored of jumping off the carriage and on it again and handing cards in at doors, had been careless in telling the doorman for whom the cards were intended. The doorman didn't understand the name, and the footman was gone before he had a chance to ask. He was a wise doorman. He had been at that hotel for years and had seen many receptions. He knew how important this call was, and he refused to complicate matters by guessing at the name of the favored lady. So he tiptoed in, laid the cards on the table in neutral ground, tiptoed out again and said nothing.

He was, as remarked, a wise doorman.

Wherefore, the question that agitated the Bruxton Hotel that night was this—which one of the ladies was entitled to the call? The magnitude and importance of the problem was impressed on the husbands. The women gathered in little groups after dinner and viewed the matter in all its lights. Arguments were privately brought forward, tending to show how the proponent of the argument was the person who should have the cards, and husbands were appealed to to discover if these feminine reasons might not be the real ones. Most of this was done privately in whispers and in groups. Some of the women led their husbands aside to ask them to suggest a real reason for the wife to advance to uphold her contention that the cards should be hers. Outwardly, however, the women were very sweet and self-sacrificing. Each insisted that the other should have the cards, and there was a babel of sugary "Oh, you take them, my dear," and other honeyed expressions, that were belied by the steely looks in the eyes of the soft speakers.

Each woman wanted the cards desperately, passionately, but each woman was loath to advance her claim publicly. The cards were on the table, which had been moved out into the lobby. The women eyed them longingly, but no one ventured to pick them up. Mrs. Marsh had not taken much part in the discussion. She had asked her husband if there was any reason why this particular Cabinet woman should call on her, and whether Marsh knew the secretary.

"Don't know him from a side of sole leather," Marsh replied. "Haven't even seen him yet."

Presently Mrs. Marsh arose, walked over to the table and picked up the cards. She turned to the astonished women in the lobby and said: "Ladies, I see no one cares particularly for these cards, and I should like them very much for a souvenir of my first reception in Washington. I'll take them, if you don't mind." She smiled radiantly at them. "Of course you won't mind, will you?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh, certainly not; you are quite welcome to them," some of the women said acidly. Others only stared at her as if appalled by her audacity. Mrs. Marsh bowed her thanks and walked off, followed by the whispered comment: "Well, of all the nerve!" Mrs. Marsh affected not to hear. She sailed across the room and took the elevator, clutching the precious cards to her bosom.

"I Should Like Them Very Much for a Souvenir of My First Reception in Washington"

Next morning the ladies had their final thrill. The papers came and their names were all printed in the society columns as giving "a charming reception." Some of the names of those invited were printed. It was observed, however, that the papers said: "Mrs. James Marsh, wife of Representative James Marsh, wore a handsome gown of brown velvet with diamonds." That was the only gown described. They all wondered where the society editors got their information—all but Mrs. Marsh. She didn't wonder. She knew, for she had written notes to the society editors in which that interesting and important information was communicated.

VII

MARSH found his work on the District of Columbia Committee interesting but laborious. The committee was charged with making the recommendations of appropriations for the Government's share of the municipal expenses of the city of Washington, and passed on all new projects for improvements in addition to legislating for the city, making laws instead of ordinances as the ordinary city governing

(Continued on Page 28)

THE MORTGAGE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

AND you don't think that Ranny's really sick at all, then?" The doctor drew a long breath. He was necessarily a patient man, but he sometimes regretted that he had not adopted the furious manner of a famous colleague, who had once confided to him that his professional rages were the result of careful practice before his shaving mirror!

"I should hardly put it like that, Mrs. Fitch," he said. "Randall is a highly strung fellow and he's under a great deal of strain just now. I prescribed two afternoons a week at the Country Club a year ago, and at first he was very faithful to it ——"

"Oh, at first! Ranny's faithful to everything—at first!" she interrupted lightly.

He met her side-glance steadily.

"Try to keep him constant to golf, at least, my dear," he said.

They looked at each other for a moment curiously, appraisingly. Her lips parted, the pupils of her dark, snapping eyes dilated, softening them unbelievably, and her hands, lightly clenched as always, relaxed and turned palms upward in her lap.

"*She's going to say something she'll regret,*" the doctor thought quickly, "*and it won't help her, really.*"

"Dr. Stanchon," she began desperately, "I don't know how much you know ——"

"Many of my patients are convinced that I am clairvoyant," he interrupted gently, "but I am quite sure they are quite wrong. Or, at least, that my clairvoyance is directly related to that of the other mediums, who have learned a great deal about human nature from the only teacher in the world."

"And that is ——" She was still on the verge of her gulf of confession, but she had herself in hand.

"Experience," he said. "If the sixty years that I have lived have taught me anything it is just that they, and they only—those sixty years—are what I have learned! Nobody else's years ever really taught me anything, I am convinced. And nobody else's years can teach you," he added meaningly.

"That's very hard," she said, and again her eyes dilated and her upturned palms quivered slightly.

"It is," he agreed. "It is very hard. And stones are very hard. And to live wisely is very hard. And yet stones and wise people are necessary to hold the world together—they are the bones of the world, in fact."

Her hands slipped unconsciously into their normal tense lines; her eyes brightened with interest, and she straightened in her high, carved chair.

"Did You—Were You in Love With Her Once?"

"*She's all right now,*" he thought with relief.

"But that's very clever, what you say," she cried. "Why don't you write? I always wondered."

He smiled, pleased in spite of himself.

"We're always writing, we old fellows," he said; "writing good habits on the scrawled, worn, creased gray tissue that our sulky pupils carry up here," and he touched his vigorous, silver-thatched skull lightly. "They hold out their copybooks very patiently while they're in the classroom, and say that they understand, and that they will follow the lines; but as soon as they've left us, the leaves slip into the old, easy shapes, and the deep black marks they've made so many times show through the copy, and they're at their old pot-hooks again!"

"All the same you ought to write, really!" she persisted. "I loved that pamphlet, The Dynamics of Sleep, that you sent Ranny."

"Did Ranny love it?"

She blushed.

"He said he hadn't time," she admitted. "He's perfectly incorrigible, you know. Brokers get so dreadfully rushed—I wish he'd come out in the country like the Varnhams. Dick acts like another man. Though we do miss Celestine terribly. Did you see that article of hers on Farm Efficiency in Country Life? Dicky gave her a diamond pendant set in platinum, he was so proud of it!"

"Lutie told me about it."

"Dick was one of your pupils, wasn't he?" she asked keenly, rising, as she caught his almost imperceptible glance at the clock on his desk. "I wish Randall Fitch would mind you as well as Dick did. But Randall won't even give up red meats ——"

"My dear girl, Randall can eat red meats or blue meats or—or Scotch-plaid meats, if he'll play golf twice a week! Lucia tells me she tried to coax him out on the links last week, but there was 'nothing doing,' as my daughter's generation so elegantly puts it."

Marie Fitch's one real beauty—her milkwhite, even teeth—flashed out between her thin, nervous lips.

"Lucia is too amusing!" she said, "with her new rôle of Parent's Assistant! I suppose she works as hard at your out-patients as she used to for us on the Board?"

"Not quite, I hope," he said gravely, "for that blessed Board of yours was swallowing her up alive. And she hasn't deserted you, has she, really? I didn't understand it so."

"Oh, no," she answered, her hand on the door, "of course not. But it's quite different, now that she's resigned the chairmanship and comes in under the five-hours-a-week by-law. She's invaluable wherever she works, but it's very different, for it used to be her life really, Dr. Stanchon, and now it's just one of her interests, like your patients."

"Thank God for that!" he cried briskly. "The day when young women of Lucia's age and type make prison reform committees their life, will be a sad day for the next generation, Mrs. Marie! Thirty is no age for abstract causes, my dear."

"What age is?" she challenged him. "According to you women would never accomplish anything abstract!"

"According to me, it certainly seems a distinct waste of their natural capacities," he returned placidly, "though I haven't the least objection to their devoting themselves to the world in general before and after their chances for peopling the world in particular have either failed to arrive or ceased to exist."

Her eyes flashed dangerously and her lips tightened.

"It's men like you, Dr. Stanchon, that have kept us back for centuries!" she shot at him. "And since we're on the subject, I tell you very frankly that I think you are abominably selfish to play on Lucia's feelings as a daughter and take her out of the movement she practically started and wanted to give her life to!"

"My dear Mrs. Fitch," he said quietly, "I had something to do with Lucia's life—a detail you ladies appear to forget occasionally, if I may venture to suggest it—and I did not wish to see it given to reforming her country's prison system. I was bold enough

Lucia Leaned Forward, Eager to Catch His Lowest Word

to feel that Providence had other and wiser ends in view for Lucia. But I am far from feeling that the work she was doing was useless or harmful. Mrs. Varnham's little daughter has been set to work on the Junior Committee with my full consent, and as regards yourself, have I ever placed a straw in your way?"

"Because I'm forty-five and Nancy's fifteen, I suppose!" she said scornfully.

"Precisely. Because you are forty-five and Nancy's fifteen. Her youth and enthusiasm are taken out of herself and focused on a large abstract cause, with the best results. Your experienced maturity, your very disillusionments"—he looked keenly into her eyes—"make you an admirable balance-wheel for many women who have not your excuse for leisure. Far from contesting your self-imposed activities, I should be glad to profit by their enlargement. I wish I had you on the Hospital Board."

Appeased in spite of herself, she only smiled nervously.

"But the real reason you abandon me to civic work is not my usefulness—but my forty-fiveness!"

"Your forty-fiveness, yes," he answered simply.

They looked at each other silently, till her eyes dropped slowly, weighted with their tears. Suddenly she lifted them defiantly and stepped back into the room.

"I suppose you think it's my fault that we hadn't any children," she said in a dull, strangled voice, "but as a matter of fact it isn't. We shouldn't have minded, ever! And of late years—we've been very sorry ——"

He rose and took her hand.

"I know, Marie, I know," he said gently; "those things are very hard."

She returned his solid grip for a moment, then quite openly dabbled at her eyes with her embroidered handkerchief.

"You're an angel," she said lightly, "and it's all in the day's work, I haven't a doubt. In return I'm going to do something for you."

"For me?"

It was time for her to go, but only a very clever woman could have guessed it.

"I'm going to tell you something," she said shortly, and the clairvoyance of which he had been accused possessed him suddenly and warned his sensitive nerves that he was to hear something well worth a delayed appointment.

"Very well," he answered seriously, "tell me. And shall we sit down?"

"No, it won't take a minute," she assured him. "It's hard, but soon over, doctor. And we're all so fond of Lucia."

"Lucia?" He was all attention: her hand was still in his.

"Does Max Fettauer talk freely to you, Dr. Stanchon—intimately I mean?"

"More so than to any one else, I imagine. Why?"

"Because, if it is possible for you to warn him not to be too frank with Lucia, I happen to know that it will save him a great deal of trouble."

"Too frank? Too frank?" he queried, staring at her. "What about?"

She sighed impatiently.

"Oh, what do you suppose?" she said. "The tariff? Or the 'tango,' perhaps?"

"Both are subjects of the day, certainly," he suggested mechanically, searching her eyes.

"But the subject I refer to was a subject of the day before the tariff or the tango was born or thought of," she told him, "and as, by a curious coincidence, I know the views of the three principal parties concerned, and see that they are unalterably opposed, I'm a little worried about the situation. I hadn't supposed there could be any new development in the relations of those three parties, but it seems I was wrong; there's always room for one more kink."

"Three parties?" he repeated vaguely. "What three parties?"

"Why, Lucia and Max—and the other woman!" she said sharply.

He breathed deep and sat down in his chair. "Of course you'll tell me all about this, Marie?" he said quietly.

"On the contrary," she answered, "I shan't, doctor. I'm put in a very difficult position, you see: I hardly know Dr. Fettauer, but I know Lucia—and the other woman. Nothing that I know from her would ever go any further, of course; that was a confidence, and no complications of Lucia's would move me to betray the tiniest bit of it. But as regards Lucia, it's different. What I happened to hear her say was more or less public: that is, she was giving her views to a lot of us together, and I can't see any harm in repeating them, as any one of the women who were there is quite likely to quote them. Fettauer's views I don't know, but I judge from what I have heard that they aren't likely to be Lucia's. Now I know a little more about the three sides of this affair than anybody else, I imagine, and so I'm warning you to warn Dr. Fettauer to go very lightly over the confidences I understand he intends to make, because they won't have the effect he intends or expects, owing to his fiancée's somewhat extraordinary views, which I happen to have heard. Do you see?"

Stanchon sat hard in his chair and fixed her with a non-committal eye. "Do I understand that there is a woman who has claims upon Max?"

"Not at all," she replied imperturbably; "nobody has a shadow of a claim upon him so far as I know."

"Nor presses any claim?"

"Not the slightest."

"He feels bound, then? So far as you know, of course: I don't admit that any of this is fact till I hear it from his lips, you know."

"Oh, that's all right, Dr. Stanchon," she assured him, "I know just how you feel. You've got your daughter to fight for. But you're quite off the track. Dr. Max doesn't feel in the least bound, and, of course, isn't. No, no, it's more bothersome than that; it's Lucia."

"Lucia?" he repeated helplessly. "Lucia?"

"Oh, Lord!" she sighed, "what a fool one is to do this sort of thing, ever! Only I did think that if a word to Max would do, it might save a lot of trouble. And it seems so silly to have things that are past and gone spoil people's happiness—and Lucia is so obstinate!"

The doctor stared at her reflectively. "It sometimes seems to me that I understand women less and less," he said at last. "Do you really suppose, my dear, that I can talk to Max about all this?"

"Why not?" she asked, "he's very fond of you."

"I think, perhaps, men are fond of each other just because we don't ask those questions," he told her.

"As for Lucia, if she's supposed to be ignorant of these circumstances, how can I speak to her? And for yourself, if your lips are sealed—I should say, quite properly—where do we accomplish anything?"

"Unless Max speaks to you," she persisted, "and I believe he will. Or Lucia might."

"Oh, no," he said sadly; "Lutie's my daughter, you know."

She turned to go.

"Well," she murmured, "perhaps it's not all bad, not having children! That's what Ranny says. And I'm not going to apologize, Dr. Stanchon, for worrying you, because you're certain to hear of it, you know. Those things never blow over, and at least you'll have time to make up your mind."

"I'm afraid my mind won't matter so much," he said gravely, "but I appreciate your telling me, all the same."

He closed the door gently behind her and dropped back into his chair, staring at Lucia's picture on his desk. It was his favorite photograph, taken at sixteen, with a sleek heavy braid over each confident young shoulder, and unabashed eyes under the slanting Empress Eugénie brows. Even then she had been distinctly of the stocky, pony type of woman, rounded and strong at once, square on her feet, ready for anything. It was impossible to condole with Lucia as a motherless girl: adoring aunts and a-wise father had filled the place she had never felt to be vacant. Born at a period when tomboys were really fashionable, healthy as a young prizefighter, soundly educated and cushioned with friends, her fifteen years of life since that pig-tailed photograph was taken had hardly changed her from the fearless child that looked out at her father from the silver frame.

"She's never really had a check," he mused; "is it going to come this way? I'm afraid she'll take it hard."

At luncheon he studied her carefully. Were those dark rings under her eyes, or only the shadows of the dark New York dining room? Was her voice a little flat, or were those the tones she dedicated to Potts, "the worst hated butler in New York," in Max Fettauer's phrase? Lucia had always been a little unnecessarily severe with servants.

"Is this the best the cook can do?" she inquired icily, turning over a rather thin chop with a scornful fork.

"I'll inquire, Miss Stanchon."

"Because if it is, I'll have some cold meat. If the doctor is willing to eat that sort of stuff, all right. I'm not."

"Very good, Miss Stanchon. I'll tell her."

"And if that smell of burning I catch when you open the door is the soufflé, Potts, you might add that I'll have some compôte and macaroons—you needn't serve it at all."

"Yes, miss. Very good."

"Really, my dear, I think you're a little hard on Katharine."

Lucia scowled. "You don't understand the situation at all, father. There's a mission on at St. Vincent's, and that woman is out at all hours. I don't care how religious she is, but there is a limit, and every single thing she's cooked this week has been burned. It's simply got to stop."

Potts brought in a small, apologetic omelet and murmured something about stewed apricots on account of the defective draft of the range and the lateness of the plumber's recent visit. Lucia sniffed haughtily and the incident would have been closed had not her father smiled quizzically at her and leaned over his elbows, refusing the expiatory macaroons with a nod.

"My dear," he said, "just what is Max's income, did you tell me?"

"I don't remember telling you," she returned, unyielding to the twinkle in his eyes, "but it's five thousand. Then he has twenty-five hundred of his own."

"You are About as Nice as a Girl Can Be—But You're a Little Hard, My Dear"

"And I can give you fifteen hundred. That's nine thousand a year. Now, that's not bad to begin on. Your mother and I had hardly more than half of it and we weren't living in New York. But then, our ideas weren't yours—or Max's. The young men are spoiled nowadays, you know. Don't you think it would be wise to begin to lower your ideals a little, in the matter of domestic service, Lutie? Things will be a little changed, you know."

"I'm not at all sure that there will be any change," she said casually, but with one of her quick side-glances.

Doctor Stanchon caught his breath sharply.

"What do you mean, just?" he asked.

"The doctor detests that rock-candy, Potts—haven't you discovered it yet? Get some cube-sugar. And please bring the silver service. I prefer to pour it myself. What were you saying, father?"

"I was asking what you meant by suggesting that there might not be any change," he answered patiently. There was only one way to take Lucia—her own.

"Oh!"

She dropped two bits of sugar into his pet "hundred-headed" cup and poured the coffee slowly over them.

"Mattie Forsythe got a pot just like this for a bridge prize yesterday," she observed, handing him his cup, "and now she's got to match it, she says, so she's furious. I only meant that you may not get rid of me after all."

"Lucia!"

"Dear me! Had you set your heart on it to that extent, dad? I'm sorry!"

"My dear girl, I think you know just about how much I want to lose you! But I honestly believed that Max was the safest man I knew to trust you to. I mean, I thought you both stood a pretty fair chance ——"

"So did I," she admitted briefly, "but—I've changed my mind. That's all."

"Oh, that's all!"

"Well, isn't that enough?"

"That depends," he said thoughtfully. "Has Max changed his, too?"

She smiled easily—too easily, he thought.

"Hardly," she said.

"Is there any special reason, Lucia," he began carefully, "or perhaps you'd rather not discuss it?"

"Frankly, I wouldn't, father," she answered. "Not because I mind, but because you would, and it wouldn't do any good. We've had it out, and it's all over, and we're perfectly good friends, and—and that's all."

"And you're thirty and I'm sixty, and I couldn't understand, I suppose?"

She gulped down her coffee and went over to him.

"Don't be silly, dad," she said brusquely, "it was only to save you."

He put his arm round her and stirred his coffee.

"When you have a son, dear," he began, "and he treats you like an elderly baby, you'll see how much you want to be saved! Suppose you tell me. You're all I've got, you know, and nobody's affairs on earth can interest me so much as yours—not even my own."

"I was afraid you'd feel that way," she acknowledged. "But I shan't have any son, father. They're a little too chancy."

"Of course they are," he said promptly; "so is anything worth having! Do you suppose if a guaranty came with 'em, you'd bother with 'em?"

She smiled.

"There's something in that!" said she.

"There is indeed," he assured her. "What makes women the greatest gamblers in the world when they get into it? Because they've gambled in sons since time began!"

"I notice you don't say daughters!"

"No, they're not quite such a gamble, fortunately," he answered, patting her shoulder.

"And yet every man wants a son?"

"Of course."

She got up from the arm of the chair and poured herself more coffee.

"The whole thing is frightfully unfair!" she burst out, and he settled back contentedly.

"*She'll tell me now*," he thought. "Dear girl," he said, "you are thirty years old, and fairly sensible, as things go. What's the use?"

"You'll see the use!" she threatened him, half mocking, half serious.

"You'll see the use, when we teach you to talk more about human beings, and less about men and women!"

"Then, my dear, mind that when you populate the globe, you produce human beings—they sound terribly Frankensteinish, somehow—and not men and women!" said Doctor Stanchon.

"Oh, I know what you mean," she threw at him, "but what can we do, as things are now? How can we help it?"

"You can't," he said placidly. "So, what's the use?"

She pressed her lips together and sat sullen.

"I understand, then, Lutie, that you expected to marry a human being and found he was a man?"

"If you choose to put it that way—yes."

"You'll never find a finer man than Max Fettauer," said he.

"Possibly; I don't deny it."

"*If only she'd rage about it or cry!*" he thought helplessly, "*but they're so hard, so hard!*"

"You know, Lucia," he went on, "or at any rate you can guess, that a man thinks pretty carefully before he shakes hands with his son-in-law. I went further than that. I hoped you and Max would see your way to each other before you did. And the day you told me was one of the happiest of my life. You've had a pretty free hand, you know,

Lutie, and you're a little—a little bit—well, when people said I spoiled you, perhaps I saw what they meant!"

She flashed a warm look into his eyes.

"That's all right, father," she said.

"At one time I thought it would be little Van Wynken. I shouldn't have been so well pleased, for many reasons. I knew a little too much about that family. Still, Van wasn't so bad, and I think you could have managed him. But Max—ah, that was different. He understands you, Lucia. And he likes you for what you are, not what you look like, remember."

"Doesn't Van?"

"I doubt it. Van likes you because you're a healthy, good-looking young woman; because you like hockey and tennis, and because you can dance till three in the morning. And that's quite as it should be. And you know, of course, what all that really means?"

"Wh—what?"

Suddenly Lutie felt young, very young, and very much disposed of by fate.

"It means, my dear, simply that Van feels in you the possibility of producing healthy, happy children, who will all like hockey and tennis and dancing till three in the morning. That's all. And Nature tells Van that his family would be none the worse for several generations of that sort of children. He calls it being in love with you, and he's quite right, and a good boy, as boys go."

She was looking straight into the kind gray eyes that had colored her own, deeply interested now.

"But Max, Lutie! That's different. He's a very unusually able man—Max Fettauer. And I firmly believe that his character and traditions will balance yours as perhaps no American's could. I didn't use to think so. I wasn't for international marriages. But I begin to see that when a European has lived as many years in America as Fettauer, so that he understands our attitude toward women, and realizes what he has to combat, if he loves the woman enough he can do her a great deal of good."

"Ah! You mean he can discipline her?"

"Marriage is discipline, dear," he said quietly. "That is why the people who avoid or miss it are nearly always a little too hard or a little too soft. Now you are about as nice as a girl can be—but you're a little hard, my dear."

"And you had counted on Max to soften me?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm sorry for your theory, father, but he never will."

"Never, Lutie? That's a long word. And we've all heard of lovers' quarrels—mightn't this be one?"

"But we've not quarreled, father. If you must have it, it's this: I don't consider that Max is free to marry me, for some one else has a claim on him. That's all."

"All? I should think it was quite enough, my dear!"

But there was no shock, and he honestly thanked Marie Fitch in his heart for sparing him from it. "And yet he feels free, himself? Max is a pretty fair sort of man, you know."

"Oh, fair!" Her voice shook with displeasure. "He's fair for a man, I suppose you mean, not for a human being!"

"Aren't you just a little confused, dear? If there's any one situation in life which deals with men as men, and women as women, isn't this it?"

"And how does it deal with women as women?" she demanded hotly.

"That's just the point! It's all for Max to decide, apparently."

"It seems not to be, in this case, at any rate," he suggested peaceably, "for you're deciding it."

"You can bet I'm deciding it!" she cried. "It's time women got together on this thing, and stuck together!"

"But they have! Good heavens, they always have!" he expostulated. "They've decided it with an intolerance and a cruelty that have been proverbial since Hagar in the wilderness!"

"Ah, yes; but that's going to be different!"

Lutie's voice rang young and clear, in that old room, so full of old books, and it brought—that clear trumpet of hope and youth—a sweet pang of pride and pity to his heart, as he watched her.

"They shan't be sent to the wilderness; we're going to stick by each other, now!"

"I see."

He measured her carefully with his eye, ready now for the coming battle.

"Well, child, there's a lot of room for improvement, we all agree, but let's be quite certain that in changing it all you're going to change it right. For instance, just what is your proposition? That no man has a right to marry a woman while there exists in the world another woman who has what you call a claim on him?"

Lucia trod warily round this snare and considered.

"If the claim is real, no!" she said boldly at last.

"Ah! That's the point! And what constitutes such a claim? And who is to be the judge? Evidently not the man in question, you think?"

"Oh, no!"

"And quite as evidently, neither of the women, I think."

She was silent.

"No, my dear, you must be fair. Allowing only the exception of a wronged and innocent girl—and I will answer for it that no such pathetic creature can have any claim on Max ——"

He paused. She was silent.

"You don't accuse Max Fettauer of that, my dear?"

"No, no!"

"I thought not. Max isn't the kind. Well, allowing for that exception, the woman who can have any claim on Max falls inevitably into one of two classes: she is either one of the unfortunate women who sells her love, in which case she has undoubtedly been paid for it, or she is one of the unwise women who has given it when she was not free to do so, in which case she has invalidated all her claims beforehand. You are thirty years old, Lucia, and I assume that you are perfectly acquainted with the existence of both these classes of women?"

"Of course I am."

"The newspapers are full of one and the novels are full of the other," the doctor went on thoughtfully, "and yet I have never been able to persuade the women who come to me, entangled in the results of both, to explain them to their daughters! And yet they offer them both novels and newspapers every day! I hope, my dear, among your other changes you will change that."

Lucia sighed.

"People think girls are fools," she murmured.

"I have often suggested that perhaps they act like fools for that reason, sometimes," said her father.

"Now, I cannot suppose that you are contending that every man who avails himself of the offer to sell what should never be bought, should marry the vendor?"

"He shouldn't buy it," said Lucia coldly.

"You are right. He shouldn't. But he does. And realizing the essential purpose of civilized marriage, do you prescribe that contract, and all that it implies for civilization, as a cure for each of those soiled and sordid bargains?"

"He shouldn't buy it," she repeated stubbornly.

"You agree with me, you see. And do you know how to teach him not to buy it?"

"How?" she whispered.

"Teach your son," he said quietly.

She shook restlessly from side to side in her chair.

"Oh, that!" she flared out, "that old story! That's your remedy for everything!"

"It is the only remedy the world has ever known," he said sternly. "The world is only every woman's children!"

There was a throbbing silence between them: she had never felt so close to him.

"It's Men Like You, Dr. Stanchon, That Have Kept Us Back for Centuries!"

"It—it wasn't that kind of woman, father," she said at length very softly.

"I thought not. Max isn't that kind either. So where are we? Certainly not at a girl that he is free to marry, or he would have married her long ago. So she is not free; that is, she is married. That is, she was willing to stake her reputation and her happiness, and incidentally her husband's reputation and happiness, and certainly Max's reputation and happiness, on a chance that she couldn't even afford to pay for if she lost! She didn't even love him enough to throw everything to the winds and run away with him! Or perhaps she wanted to—and he refused?"

Lucia shook her head dumbly.

"I thought not. Max isn't that kind either! Lucia, use your brains. Can you allow such a selfish, timid, backstairs thief to persuade you that she has any claim?"

"She—she didn't try to," Lucia stammered, "you don't understand. It's—it's *me*, father—*I* think she has a claim!"

"You!"

"I think he ought to stick by her," said Lucia huskily. "I—I could never be happy! It's not right and it's disgusting, and I wish I'd never seen him! Oh, father, please let me live with you! Always!"

"My dear little girl! My poor little Lucia!"

She had slipped to his knee now, and with her head against his breast felt herself curiously a child again, sniffing the combined odors of tobacco, lavendered linen and Russia leather letter-case that memory connected with so many childish contritions.

"Don't you see, father," she began suddenly, "that I can't take anything with a string tied to it! It's like building on a rotten foundation. How can I know?"

"Not so rotten, after all, dear. He might have lied to you."

"I—I almost wish he had!" she flung out.

"Ah, my dear, my dear! 'Where ignorance is bliss,' eh? And you blame us because we've helped you out, that way, so many generations! Don't you see that the truth is more important to Max than the fact he might have concealed?"

"I see that he thought so."

"Not only that—it is so."

"Father! Do you mean to tell me it's more important for a man to be truthful than to be—good?"

"There is no doubt of it, Lucia—as you understand 'good.'"

"Then it applies to me just as much!"

The doctor reached his arm carefully over her bent head and shook off his long cigar ash.

"Is that what the suffragists are really getting at?" he asked. "Was it the latchkey all the time?"

"Father!"

"My dear girl," he said dispassionately, "I'm not talking to you as a father—I'm talking to you as a man. That's Max's idea, I believe. He says parents are incapable of it: let's prove that he is wrong! As a matter of fact, I have no earthly control over you. At your age I was supporting my family, and you have refused a very fair professional position in order to keep my house for me, and are—or were—very near being married and having, probably, a family of your own. That is to say, you are a grown woman, with every kind of capacity for expressing and supporting yourself. I am talking to you as I should talk to any sensible, mature woman. Now! You tell me that there should be one standard of purity and truth for men and women. In your own case Max has not met yours; you therefore claim your right to be judged by his. I suggest that this claim is one of the logical issues of the modern feminist movement, a perfectly tenable proposition, and you immediately become greatly shocked. I cannot see why you should be. There are either two standards to apply, or there is one. If there is one, it is either yours or his. You seem to take it for granted that the one will be yours. I merely suggest that it may not work out that way."

Lutie stared at him, horrified. "Why, but, father! That's what it's all for! That's what we mean!"

"I don't doubt it for a moment," he assured her. "That's what you mean; but it doesn't follow that it's what you're going to get!"

"See here, father," said Lucia, sitting firmly in a chair of her own now, and looking squarely in his eyes. "Do you mean to tell me that you honestly think men oughtn't to be as good as—as girls?"

"My dear Lucia! How absurd! How could I tell you such a thing?"

"But you said a man had better be honest than—good."

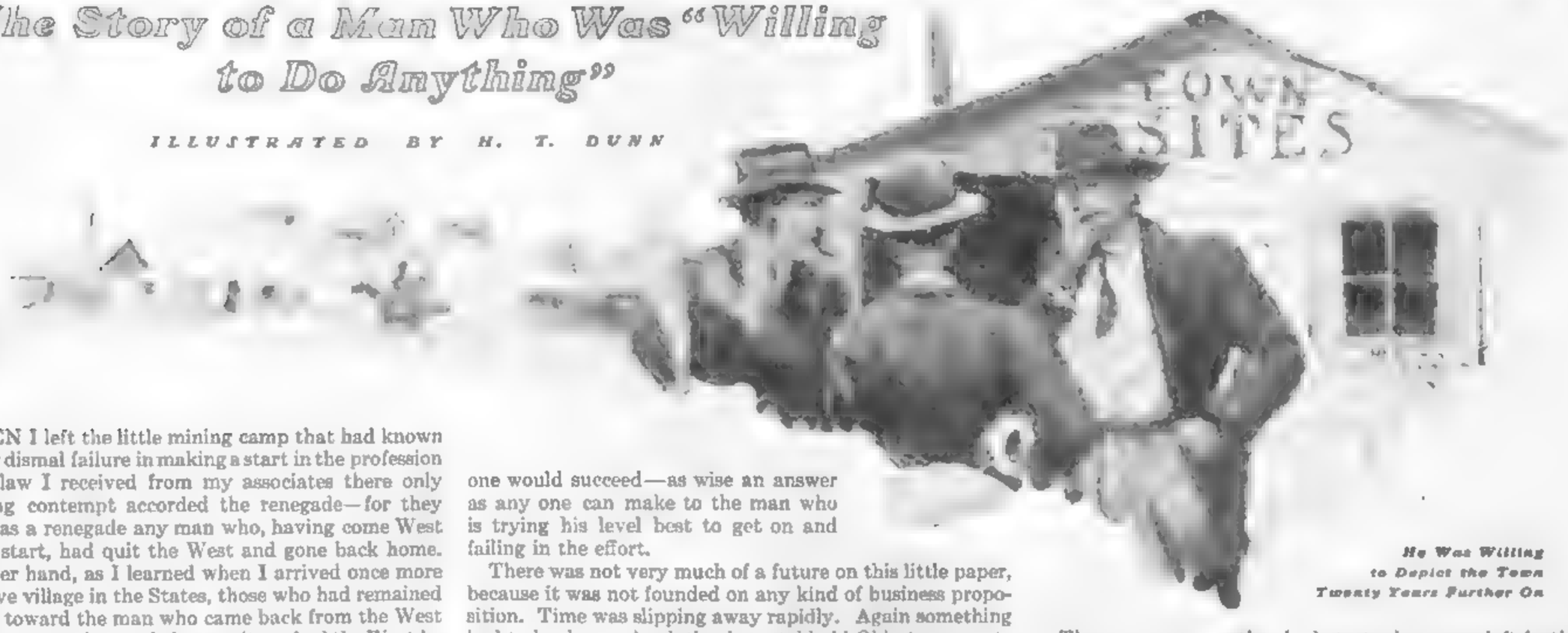
"Ah! That's different, my dear, that's different. And it's just that little difference

(Continued on Page 36)

GETTING A WRONG START

The Story of a Man Who Was "Willing to Do Anything"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



He Was Willing to Depict the Town Twenty Years Further On

WHEN I left the little mining camp that had known my dismal failure in making a start in the profession of law I received from my associates there only the sneering contempt accorded the renegade—for they accounted as a renegade any man who, having come West to make a start, had quit the West and gone back home. On the other hand, as I learned when I arrived once more at my native village in the States, those who had remained behind felt toward the man who came back from the West after a failure to make good there quite as had the West he abandoned. Hence I had friends neither in the Southwest nor in my old home. I now had almost no money left; and I needed work of some sort.

The immediate and pressing thing for me to do was to enter some line of activity that would bring in a little money for myself and the family. Ought I to have started once more in the law? I cannot answer that—only I remember that the thought of the long, poverty-smitten waiting for clients was a thing of horror to me. I presume all the wise folk will criticize and condemn a man no more master of his destiny than I was then; but as I look back at the matter now I cannot for the life of me tell what opportunity existed for me at that time, or what opportunity I had thus far overlooked in all my life.

One thing was sure—I could not stay long in the old town. I went down to a larger city not far away and tried my best to find something to do. I said to myself—and to everybody else—that I was willing to do almost anything. As usual, that meant almost nothing. After a long time a friend introduced me to the editor of a little paper in that city—a sort of nondescript affair, printed weekly and devoted only to society news. I cannot conceive of anything much more impractical than that sort of paper in that sort of town. The editor looked at me with much dubiousness, but finally concluded to give me work at the princely salary of ten dollars a week—most of it payable in silver, as I later learned. Well, anyhow, that was twice as much salary as I had obtained down in the mining camp! This was my second employment in journalism. Can you beat the record? Ought I to have taken on this work? I cannot answer that. All I can say is that it was the one earthly thing I could get to do. At the time I was glad to have the chance. I cannot from this stage of observation tell what other opportunity there was or what else I could have done.

Profitless Newspaper Ventures

MY FATHER was by this time too much broken down to care much about my apostasy from the profession for which he had intended me. I think he was much disappointed in all his children—and had much right to be; but he himself continued to work the best he knew. The old home was kept up after a fashion and there was no absolute want. I have spoken of the friendships of our little mountain town. Something of the same sort of thing existed here in this older town in the Middle West. People stuck by each other. The members of my family now were poor, but they still held their friends. The cold and brutal creed of the city did not obtain there. My father had grown up in this town—been a part of its life; and, though he had met reverses in fortune, he continued to be respected and beloved. It was the loyalty of the small social unit to its own. I did not at that time know that it was the loyalty one to another of those who had fought shoulder to shoulder in the battle of life.

I presume I was very likely the most ignorant newspaper man who ever tried that uncertain game. By this time some of my classmates had begun to get on in the world. I cannot well tell how humiliated I felt over my own situation in life. The mental worry of it well-nigh overcame me, and this had none too good effect upon my physical health and working efficiency. The answer to which, of course, is that one ought not to have ill health or mental troubles if one would succeed—as wise an answer as any one can make to the man who is trying his level best to get on and failing in the effort.

There was not very much of a future on this little paper, because it was not founded on any kind of business proposition. Time was slipping away rapidly. Again something had to be done. A relative in a staid old Ohio town wrote and asked me to come on and take up work for a time at least on a newspaper there. I went on, to discover the town to be very old, staid and settled, with not very much business horizon about it. I was set to work at the attractive occupation of collecting delinquent subscriptions over the surrounding country—only such as the most prayerful endeavors of the owners of the paper had left uncollected. Some of them were four or five years old. Can you beat this for one more bad start? To myself I sometimes smiled grimly over it, for it seemed that I was the champion bad starter.

It soon became apparent that my business of collecting bad debts would terminate with the winter. There was no future in that line of activity. Now what would you have done in any one of these situations I have outlined? Would you have continued in this work on this staid old paper, had you been able to do so?

In the books, the poor but honest young man usually marries the proprietor's daughter. Personally I never worked for any employer who had a daughter—or, at least, one on whom I could look with anything but sentiments of horror. Meantime I simply remained one of that great army of young men who would have been "willing to do anything." The wise men speak of the desirability of having good habits. I had excellent habits. I did not drink—did not use tobacco—did not dissipate—did not play cards; and I did work hard, and was honest and painstaking. In short, I still had my conscience. I was doing my best. Still, my best certainly was not good enough.

The owners of this paper evinced not the slightest intention of taking me into partnership. Suppose they had done so? After thirty years I might now, perhaps, be making as much in a year as I make in a month today. Suppose I had advanced in that other little paper of society news until I had owned the whole property? I might—had I made a greater success than its owner, who lived to see the death of his paper—have made as much in a year there as I have sometimes made in a week of late years. Had I owned all the papers where I began to work at five dollars a week in the Southwest, and all the other newspapers printed in that territory at that time, I might have been worth a little more what I could schedule today if I had to. If I had kept on in the practice of law in any one of those towns where I lived then, and had I gone to the head of the bar there, I might have made as much in a year as I later have made sometimes in five or six months of happy work. Of course I might have obtained much social prominence in some of those communities—might perhaps have gone to the legislature or been elected coroner, or something of the sort. I cannot figure out my real duty in any of those situations; neither can I apply the rules to this particular case. What was to be, was. Life is a funny game.

Apparently it was written that I should drift westward again, drop off at Chicago, and there call on the editor of the sporting paper that had once given me a pass to the Far Southwest. He gave me a certain amount of special work to do for his paper and paid me small sums from time to time, but no regular salary. This kept me for a little time on a very precarious footing in that city. I still wanted to write, but still did not know how to "break in." Sometimes I sent things to the daily papers. Once I got three dollars for a column and a half of humorous stuff in a Chicago daily. It looked to me like a great deal of money.

There were some other bad starts, however, left in the repertoire of chance. I was next to engage in yet another and perhaps more singular calling. It chanced that out in the Western town where I worked on the society paper I had met a young artist who, like myself, was very fond of field sports and dogs. We struck up quite a friendship. It seemed that he was once one of the artistic corps of a county-history company. It was his business to make a portrait of the Subject of This Sketch—usually showing the said subject out in the front yard holding by the bridle his favorite Percheron.

This young artist told me of the money the operator of his county-history concern used to take in for writing up the lives and adventures of the leading citizens in different counties, and executing these portraits of the leading citizens and leading citizens' Percherons. He said that for many years in some of the well-to-do states—such as Ohio—this operator had done a big business in county histories—and, forsooth, you may easily find proof of the truth of this assertion in many a country parlor all over our broad land. The artist said that the edge had rather worn off the county-history game, but he felt assured that the same game or something like it could be worked successfully in any country where a boom was on. And he pointed out the fact that at that time Kansas was enjoying a most efflorescent boom. This was in the early eighties and there was nothing the matter with Kansas then.

In the County History Business

WHEN my young artist friend told me of this sudden wealth in a work that, at least, was not criminal it seemed an excellent thing to both of us to go to the editor of the sporting paper and tell him how quickly he could win both wealth and fame should he charter us both at thirty dollars a week and expenses, and send us out into the West to seek whom we might devour on a quasi-county-history basis. The editor had no more work for me to do in the office. It was necessary for me to do something. Ought I to have gone in with my young artist friend in this line of activity? If not, what ought I to have done at that time? In heathen speech, you could have searched me then; and you can search me now—I don't know. It was the only thing that offered. I hated the thought of it, but saw nothing else.

At that time countless young towns were springing up all over Kansas. My artist friend and I would go to one of these towns that had been laid out on the short grass by some ambitious real-estate boomer and we would offer him what he most needed—publicity. We showed him how we would make a nice supplement for our paper and put in it pictures of his town—the way it was or ought to be. I cannot now imagine anything that would have been of less use to a young town or to the paper printing pictures of it; but at that time we did not know any better, and neither did the men who owned the towns. They all had a vast yearning for publicity and were willing to pay for anything that produced a sound remotely resembling publicity, so we went on seriously in our art and not without a certain success.

Now there could, by no possibility, be imagined anything more desolate and impossible than the beginnings of a Kansas town on the raw, short-grass prairie. This did not daunt our artist in the least, for he was well grounded in his own profession. He always said that, whereas some

might resort to the cheap use of the camera, no artist would think of such a thing. He would, he said, draw in the courthouse the way it would look after the bonds were sold in the East. He could build a church—still in the future—with a few strokes of his pencil; and schoolhouses—still in the future—sprang up as by magic after his brush. Trees—he was strong on trees; in fact, as he indisputably proved to the leading real-estate men of each of these would-be emporiums, he was not only able but willing to depict the town the way it was going to look twenty years further on in its history. We explained to all these business men what an advantage that would be, since they could send it back to the loved ones in the East and show what a success they had made in the West. I don't think this was wrong—not unless the Steel Trust is wrong. We were only bonding the future. And, as a matter of fact, most of those towns have grown up to the water we put in the illustrations.

You would not think this was a very good-paying business perhaps—but in this you would be in error; for, in fact, we were on the verge of discovering once more the great truth in human nature enounced by Mr. Barnum and others. Moreover, competitive vanity is a strong motive when you get it on your side. We discovered that, once we got the bellwether of a town started, the others were sure to come in. We were always loved when we went into a town, and always hated when we went out of it; but we well knew that the true ambition of any real boom town is to surpass its neighbor in any enterprise said neighbor dares to undertake. Thus our supplements and our lists of orders, with cuts of courthouses, churches and residences in the future, went on in a sort of cumulative fashion. At times, as writer of boom literature regarding these embryonic cities, I was obliged to peer into the future quite as much as my artist friend. Indeed, should you have criticism of our calling, let me point out that we were engaged in almost purely imaginative and creative work. And yet when the owner of the paper that employed us came home and saw two or three of our famous supplements of short-grass towns he gave a loud shriek, leaped several feet into the air, and came down in a trance. When at length he was revived the first thing he did was to fire the artist and myself far, far from home.

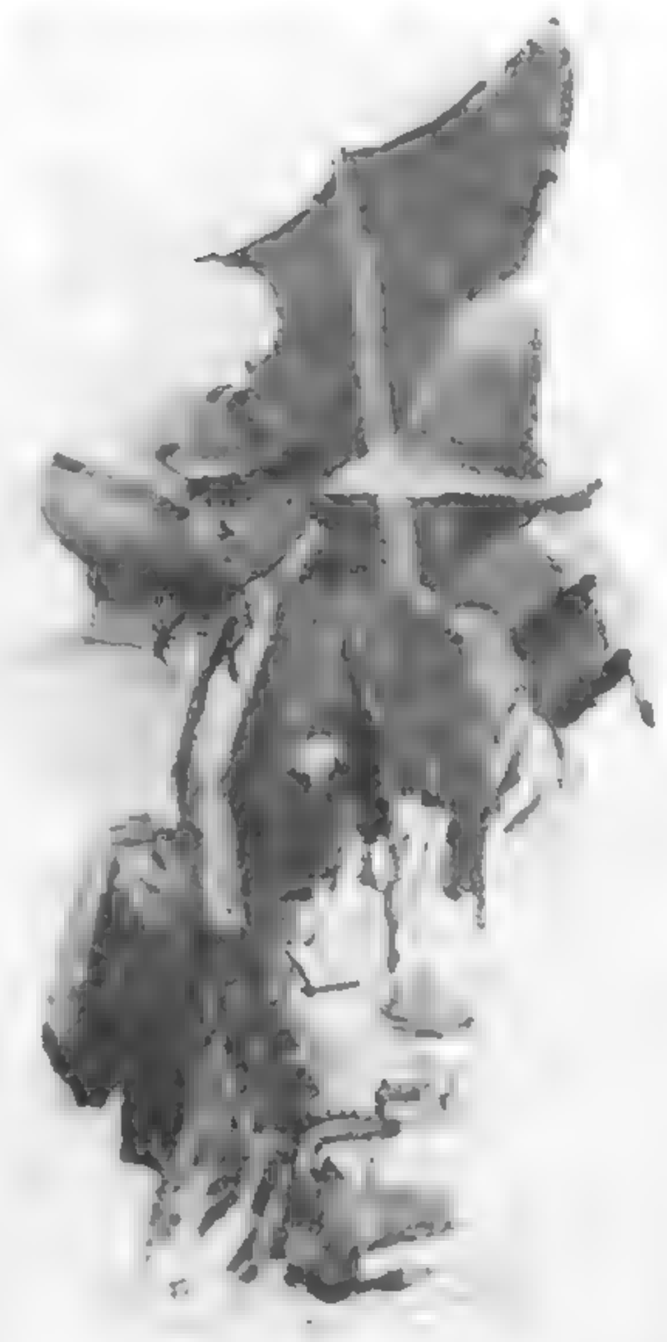
Now what ought I to have done at this stage of my career? Of course I should have married my employer's daughter and become a partner; but unfortunately my employer had no daughter. Therefore, since there seemed nothing else to do, my artist friend and I organized the Blank & Blank Engraving Company; and we set out to illustrate Kansas towns in such boom fashion as had never before been seen.

Since we now had no paper back of us, we devised a simple and efficient scheme on the ground. We would go to the owner of the leading daily in our selected town—they all had dailies, no matter how small they were, in those days—and would tell him that we proposed to furnish him, without any cost whatever to himself, with a large illustrated supplement showing his city—not with the slavish imitation of the camera, but in the free imagination of a great artist as it would be twenty years hence, with a bird's-eye view of the courthouse, the Masonic Temple, the Baptist college, the four new churches and two high schools—indeed, all and sundry, the public edifices then slumbering in the blueprints of the architect's plans; and all at no cost to himself. All we asked was the privilege of printing a series of illustrations of the leading residences and business places, tastefully arranged round the central bird's-eye view. For these pictures we purposed making a nominal charge—say, twenty-five dollars each.

The Worst Paper in the West

I DO not think we ever went to a town and failed to pull off the special edition we offered. We made money at it—the first money of consequence I had ever made. We paid our bills with the engravers and printers back in Chicago promptly. Soon we were working two or three artists besides my friend and partner. After a time we were shipping our printed stuff out of Chicago in carlots. As we had started absolutely without capital, and as we had done the only thing we could see to do, I am not sure we ought to be too harshly condemned. Still all the time I knew this was no work for a man of my ambitions. My friends and family still felt humiliated by my failure to get into some respectable and profitable employment, and so did I. Ought I to have kept on in this peculiar calling? Would you have done so? I did not. My partner did. He followed it on out until the broad highway of success became the narrowing trail—and then a squirrel track, which went up a tree. Then he had to begin over again at something else, just as now I was to begin over again at something else.

I had saved a little money now, and it seemed to me that perhaps I could manage to get into some sort of business of my own. At that time, it should be remembered, there had been two or three successes built up by newspaper owners who had a vein for humorous writing. That was the day of the American weekly, in the sense that there were larger numbers of weeklies at that time making good money.



My Artful Partner Decamped

Very rapid growth had, at that time, been made by a few of the larger Kansas towns. I went to one of them and discovered that there was published there a sort of nondescript weekly, which came out every Sunday morning. It did not begin anywhere or end anywhere, and was published in very meager quarters and very bad fashion—the only redeeming feature being that it was edited by a real newspaper man, who once had training on a daily. The owner of the paper was a bad lot—a sort of renegade newspaper man himself. The upshot of it all was that I bought a half interest in this paper, paying some cash and trading in some property I had acquired in my Blank & Blank Company days. Thus, without any preliminary training as a reporter, a business man or editor, I sprang at once into the proud position of editor-in-chief.

We printed, I presume, the worst newspaper ever known in the West, which was saying a great deal. We dragged along for some months, our expenses not being very heavy and our receipts just about enough to afford a meager living to all in the office. I was not in the least happy in this work because I was wise enough to see it had small future; but I went into it because it was absolutely the only opening I could find anywhere. Had I not had a sort of instinct for the inky trail—some sort of vague hope that I would break through later—I presume I should not have remained long in this situation.

I did not remain long as it was. My partner took care of that for me—whether as an agent of good fate or bad I cannot tell. At any rate times after the boom did not look good to him and he decided to move on—as he had done all his life, it seemed. No one in the town knew me very well, but he had a sort of newspaper acquaintance there and was friendly with one of the rival factions of capital—the town, as usual, having a local war of rival street-car interest, loan houses, and so on. To make a painful experience short in the telling, one morning my artful partner clapped a chattel mortgage on all our property, raised all the money he could and decamped between days. He was supposed to have gone to Mexico. I have never seen him since. When I do we shall have our settlement, though that was nearly a quarter of a century ago.

It took me some time to square up my own reputation there, pay the debts, and clean up everything so that people would know there had been at least one decent man in the office. Naturally that left me broke once more.

This happened long ago. Only its remoteness in the past would leave it fit for me to mention one or two allied circumstances of that period in my career. At the time my partner left for parts unknown I was engaged to be married within thirty days. At best my prospects could not have been good, and any one marrying into my unfortunate family at that time could hardly have been said to have been making an alliance of distinction. But, at least, I did not know how to do anything but tell the truth. I got on the train, went back East and told the truth. The wedding did not come off. Thus, much to the satisfaction of the other side of the high contracting parties—whom I do not blame in the least—an end came to an unhappy affair that had dragged on ever since I came out of college. The causes and consequences of this have no place here.

I had now been out of college seven years and had not made good in anything at all. Ought I now to have gone back to the Western city, have pulled my little paper together, and struggled on in the doubtful career of an indefinite journalism, in a country where the boom was exploded? That is all a puzzle to me. I do not pretend to answer such questions even now. I went home for a few days to my people, whom I had meantime helped all I could out of my scanty resources, and told them that they were better off in the world now than myself. I abandoned all the property I had begun to pick up in the West—some town lots that later were valuable; a quarter section tree-claim in Colorado—land later irrigated and worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre. I wanted a new, clean start. I lost all that I had, or rather, threw it away.

Almost without plan I now headed toward the East and not toward the West. I bought a ticket to Chicago. When I landed there I had just one hundred dollars cash. I was thirty-one years of age; had been out of college, as I have said, seven years; had completed perhaps the most variegated series of failures ever known; had lost about everything in the world I had to lose; had no friends, no influence and no ambition that I dared to admit as such.

Starting Afresh in Chicago

THIS was low ebb in my life. Naturally the long strain, the anxiety, the worry and the keen sense of humiliation of it all must have had a certain effect upon my physical health. I have never at any time felt the same despair that gripped me then for a time—an awful hopelessness; the feeling, experienced for the first time, that I could not succeed at all; that there was no place for me in life, and that I did not belong there! I had one of my two good Western guns left. Many a time I have sat and looked at it on the table in front of me, deliberately asking myself what was my real duty in the circumstances. There was only one thing that kept me from blowing out my brains—or my lack of brains—and that was the feeling that it would cause my family grief. They certainly were having trouble enough.

I worked hard in every one of these different undertakings I have mentioned heretofore. There was not one of them that did not present inherent difficulties; not one where the greatest success possible in the proposition would have been a success really worth having. I now count it fortunate that misfortune or good fortune—whichever one may call it—threw me out of these things, one after another. Mine not to reason why in those hard days, however. I looked neither behind me nor before me, and was only vaguely conscious that I was here, alive, and saddled with the duty of staying alive. Some men in these circumstances let go all round. It is from such stuff as I then was that derelicts are made—outcasts, waifs, the black sheep of the world. Sometimes I remembered the old Song of the Black Sheep, and its chorus:

Damned for time and eternity!
Baa—baa—baa!

Mentally, physically and financially the worse for wear, I saw then the bitterness of despair. I know how fellows feel who are in hard luck. And never, never again in all my life shall I have anything but sympathy, and I think something of understanding, for the fellow who is down and who thinks he is out.

One thing only remained clear to me. I must disappear. I must go where none of my friends could think of me again, where no one could trace my whereabouts. The city is the best place for this. It is in the city one can be alone and forgotten. Therefore, without any friends or any counsel, without any purpose, broken in every way, I left the train in the great and busy Western city, as heartless and brutal an environment as one could have found.

A great noise assailed my ears as, somewhat vaguely, I left the depot building and started to the street. Cabs and carriages were about; street cars passed; men were shouting; wheels were turning; people were hurrying, hurrying everywhere. Everybody in the whole world except myself seemed busy. I alone was not busy. What could I do? What chance was there for me here? Friend, if you have been in that same situation I know how you felt. Try once more, and be patient. The long, hard road surely will turn some day for you. Keep your nerve. Try once more, and be patient; and do your best.

The pavements were of granite. A vast din arose, a sounding diapason, the voice of the city calling—the city shrieking, weeping and laughing all about. . . . Then a sort of peace came to me, more than I had thought possible. All at once there came to my soul the conviction

that, at last, my education was begun! Actually I stretched out my arms to the city, to meet its arms also stretched out; and the city, shrieking, laughing, weeping, embraced me—one more of the derelicts. So, stepping off into the noise among the hurrying people, who did not see me—I myself not seeing the thousands of others about me, as sad and anxious as myself—I went into the city. Behind me, somewhere on the devious trail of my life to this time, there was one more grave; and in that I had buried another man—a rather slender, anxious but clean and decent sort of chap not wishing ill to anybody, wondering just a trifle why things had gone so hard—the chap who up until now had been myself.

One of the wise saws of those who write maxims on how to succeed runs to the effect that a young man ought to be willing to start at the foot of the ladder. At the time when, as a young man, I came to the city I should have been entirely willing to start at the foot of any ladder if some one could only have showed me where the ladder was. I certainly did not know. All round me hummed the busy world—men hurrying, eager, anxious, occupied; but look which way I might there seemed no place in all this for me. In seven years I had been, in succession, a sewer of grain sacks, a rodman, a levelman, a law student, a lawyer, an editor, a reporter, a solicitor, a collector of bad debts, a special writer, a townsite boomer and a newspaper owner. I had shifted my place of residence almost with each change of occupation; and at that time I had proved fully—quite as fully as I have since disproved it—that a rolling stone gathers no moss. A great many of my friends quoted this proverb to me at that time; in fact, I found advice one of the most easily obtained commodities—but I could not find the ladder.

With an Office and a Salary

I HAD always been an outdoor man, with much love of field sports and a certain proficiency in them—an inheritance from my Southern father. Skill with firearms was natural in our family. Wherever my travels took me I engaged in such shooting and fishing as the country offered. In Western Kansas I hunted antelope, and even buffalo - in the spring of 1886 I joined a party of hunters who were going after buffalo calves in the Panhandle of Texas; and it was then I killed my first and only buffalo, and had my share in rather a wild trip, in which we captured a dozen buffalo calves alive. I have said earlier that when I was a lawyer in the Far Southwest I devoted more time to grizzly-hunting than to the law. Even as a law student—thanks to the accident that placed a copy of a sporting paper in my hands—I had written one or two sketches regarding early sporting experiences in the Middle West; for which the paper rewarded me with ten free copies! Besides this I had a connection of several months with another sportsman's magazine while engaged in my townsite booming in the West. Very naturally, therefore, when I became strong enough to do any work at all I bethought me of trying to utilize my scant knowledge of this form of journalism. In the general direction of this very narrow field I turned my somewhat chastened soul.

At first opportunity did not offer in this line of endeavor and I did not, indeed, make serious effort in that direction until I felt my health become better. Meantime I tried to do something in the way of humorous sketches for the old McClure newspaper syndicate of New York, which at that time was supplying newspapers with some of the worst stuff any newspaper ever printed—I know, because I wrote some of it. This was before the beginning of McClure's Magazine. The syndicate paid me five dollars a column for these things, all of them impossibly bad—that is to say, it promised to pay me at that rate. As a matter of fact payment was usually deferred sixty or ninety days, or longer—as long as the author could stand it. Those boys in New York were having their own troubles in getting started then.

This was my first touch with Sam McClure. Later I came to know him quite well. He was at that time soon to become the greatest editor of the early popular-magazine movement in America. He was our first muckraker—the first man who put big specials into the monthly magazine. He was the original ancestor of the Progressive party of today; and in my belief he was one of the greatest benefactors this country ever had, in spite of the dislike with which, with more or less affectation, the business men of the country came to regard the art of so-called muckraking. Without that art, it seems to me, we should have very little country and almost no Government left today.

I was not getting rich very fast, however. Between the checks from the McClure syndicate I was not eating very regularly; so I attempted an arrangement with the Eastern sportsman's magazine that had printed years before the first thing of mine I ever saw in print—the one for which I got ten free copies. They had meantime used a story of mine written about a hunt down in the old Indian Territory; so that when I wrote them or went down to New York—I forget which it was—they knew me. And as they were anxious to start an office in my Western city they gave me work at the princely salary of fifteen dollars a week, I to pay my own office expenses! True, I was to have twenty-five per cent commission on all the business I took for the paper; but they told me, with gloom, they did not think I could take any.

Perhaps to a great many men of this country this proposition does not seem anything very much; but I want to say that fifteen dollars a week and the possibility of a job loomed up larger to me than anything I had seen for some time. I had a sort of feeling that this was an opportunity—the first tangible opportunity I had ever had in my life. When I went into that work I made the resolution that I would stay in it until I was thrown out, and I did. I was remembering about the rolling stone. Had this opportunity come to me a year or two earlier it might have altered all my life; but it came just when it did and hence my life was just what it has been.

Now, as luck would have it, very soon after my work began with the Eastern sporting journal I took a five-hundred-dollar advertising contract which would entitle me under my working agreement to one hundred and twenty-five dollars—a lot of money as it then seemed to me. This, however, was payable quarterly, and it made me sad to think that it would be a whole year before I would get all of that hundred and twenty-five dollars. Our paper was published on business principles and was not taking any chances.

Meantime I took a few subscriptions for the magazine; and as the yearly price was four dollars I earned a dollar in this way once in a while. I had no bank account or any prospect of one, was very poor, and at times very hungry. My paper did not know when I had taken in four dollars cash, and it would have been easy for me to spend the four dollars for something to eat and take a chance on getting another four dollars the following week. I never did that. No matter what the state of my own finances, when I got four dollars I went to the express office, bought an order for three dollars, and sent the paper its money then and there. They say a man will never get rich who is afraid to go in debt. That may be all right for an employer, but it is not good policy for an employee—at least, when one is as hungry as I was. I was not taking any chances either.

I was poor but honest. Now in the story books the poor but honest young man nearly always is taken into partnership after a while, and almost without exception marries his employer's daughter; but this is the story of wrong starts. With my customary lack of perspicacity I had selected as employers two men, one of whom was a bachelor, and the other—once more, alas!—had no daughter. What chance has a poor but honest young man in a case like that? In good sooth, however, I had not at that time thought much about partnerships; and in equally good sooth the matter was never broached to me in all the fifteen years I worked for this journal.

Stretching Out Fifteen Dollars

NOW that I had a salary I felt it was time for me to do something for my people; for my father, at that time, was in desperately straitened circumstances. The family still lived in the old home—still much respected; but cash was hard to get in the old town. My two younger brothers were just then starting out in their own professions and having hard times enough. It seemed to me my duty, since I had disappointed my father by changing my profession, to get into the harness and help out at home. I did this now by sending home my fifteen-dollar salary one week and keeping it for myself the next week. This left me seven dollars and a half a week for myself.

Our country was at that time not quite so glorious as it is now, and living was a little nearer within reach of the poor man. You could get quite a good-sized beefsteak in those days for thirty-five cents, with potatoes thrown in—also bread and butter. At that time the five-cent cup of coffee was just as good as the ten or fifteen cent cup is today. Had any one then installed a checkroom in the front of his café, or charged anything for potatoes or bread or butter, he would probably have been mobbed in our city. Let me hasten to add that these things were happening many years ago.

None the less, by the time you have paid roomrent and carfare and office expenses out of seven dollars and a half a week you are going to have very little left to spend—even on fifteen-cent lunches. I began to do a little figuring about now. It was plain that my people must have that salary one week and equally plain that I must not go in debt. Therefore I could eat only two meals a day until times became better. I seemed to have accepted this logical situation without much argument. My present doctor—who has to do mostly with the well-to-do classes—tells me now that most people would feel a great deal better if they only ate two meals a day.

There are a great many people now and there were a great many people then—of whom I made one—who ate only two meals a day. I was young, getting strong again now, walking a great deal, and was hungry. Many and many a time I have walked the streets of Chicago hungry. I have looked in at the bakery windows and wished I could afford a piece of pie. This is the truth told without any sort of affectation. Lots of fellows have gone through that, and the question of how they stand it depends on their earlier life

(Continued on Page 34)

I Went Back East and Told the Truth

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

How Do You Like the Climate?—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ONCE upon a time a stranger went to Southern California; and when he was asked the customary question—to wit: "How do you like the climate?" he said "No, I don't like it!" So they destroyed him on the spot. I have forgotten now whether they merely hanged him on the nearest tree or burned him at the stake; but they destroyed him utterly and hid his bones in an unmarked grave.

History, that lying jade, records that when Balboa first saw the Pacific he plunged breast-deep into the waves, drew his sword and waved it on high, probably using for that purpose the Australian crawl stroke; and then, in that generous and carefree way of the early discoverers, claimed the ocean and all points west in the name of his Catholic Majesty, Carlos the Cutup, or Pedro the Impossible, or whoever happened to be the King of Spain at that moment. Personal investigation convinces me that the current version of the above incident was wrong.

What Balboa did first was to state that he liked the climate better than any climate he'd ever met; was perfectly crazy about it in fact, and intended to sell out back East and move West just as soon as he could get word home to his folks; after which, still following the custom of the country, he bought a couple of Navajo blankets and some moccasins with blue beadwork on the toes, mailed a few souvenir postcards to close friends, and had his photograph taken showing him standing in the midst of the tropical verdure, with a freshly picked orange in his hand. And if he waved his sword at all it was with the idea of forcing the real-estate agents to stand back and give him air. I am sure that these are the correct details, because that is what every round-tripper does upon arriving in Southern California; and, though Balboa finished his little jaunt of explorations at a point some distance below the California line, nevertheless, and to the contrary notwithstanding, he was still in the climate belt. Life out there in that fair land is predicated on climate; out there climate is capitalized, organized and systematized. Every native is a climate booster; so is every newcomer as soon as he has stuck round long enough to get the climate habit, which is in from one to three days. They talk climate; they think climate; they breathe it by day; they snore it by night; and in between times they live on it. And it is good living too—especially for the real-estate people and the hotel-keepers.

The Boy Who Sells You a Paper and the Youth Who Blackens Your Shoes Show Solicitude

Southern Californians brag of their climate just as New York brags of its wickedness and its skyscrapers, and as Richmond brags of its cooking and its war memories. I don't blame them either; the California climate is worth all the brags it gets. Back East in the wintertime we have weather; out in Southern California they never have weather—nothing but climate. For hours on hours a native will stand outdoors, with his hat off and his head thrown back, inhaling climate until you can hear his nostrils smack. And after you've been on the spot a day or two you're doing the same thing yourself, for, in addition to being salubrious, the California climate is catching.

Just as soon as you cross the Arizona line you discover that you have entered the climate belt. As your train whizzes past the monument that marks the boundary an earnest-minded passenger leans over, taps you on the breastbone and informs you that you are now in California, and wishes to know, as man to man, whether you don't regard the climate as about the niftiest article in that line you ever experienced! At the hotel the young lady of the telephone switchboard, who calls you in the morning, plugs in the number of your room; and when you drowsily answer the bell she informs you that it is now eight-thirty and—What do you think of the climate? The boy who sells you a paper and the youth who blackens your shoes both show solicitude to elicit your views upon this paramount subject.

At breakfast the waiter finds out—if he can—how you like the climate before finding out how you like your eggs. When you pay your bill on going away the clerk somehow manages to convey the impression that the charges have been remarkably moderate considering what you have enjoyed in the matter of climate. Punching your round-trip ticket on the train starting East, the conductor has a few well-merited words to speak on behalf of the climate of the Glorious Southland, the same being the favorite pet name of the resident classes for the entire lower end of the state of California.

Everybody is doing it, including press, pulpit and general public. The weather story—beg pardon, the climate story—is the most important thing in the daily paper, especially if a blizzard has opportunely developed back East somewhere and is available for purposes of comparison. At Los Angeles, which is the great throbbing heart of the climate belt, I went as a guest to a stag given at the handsome new clubhouse of a secret order renowned the continent over for its hospitality and its charities. We sat, six or seven hundred of us, in a big assembly hall, smoked cigars and drank light drinks, and witnessed some corking good sparring bouts by non-professional talent. There were two or

Cross Section of California, Looking North on a Clear Day

three ministers present—fine, alert representatives of the modern type of city clergyman. When eleven o'clock came the master of ceremonies announced the toast, To Our Absent Brothers! and called upon one of those clergymen to respond to it.

The minister climbed up on the platform—a tall man, with a thick crop of hair and a profile as clean cut as a cameo and as mobile as an actor's, the face of a born orator. He could talk, too, that preacher! In language that was poetic without being sloppy he paid a tribute to the spirit of fraternity that fairly lifted us out of our chairs. Every man there was touched, I think—and deeply touched; no man who believed in the brotherhood of man, whether he practiced it or not, could have listened unmoved to that speech. He spoke of the absent ones. Some of them he said had answered the last rollcall, and some were stretched upon the bed of affliction, and some were unavoidably detained by business in the East; and he intimated that those in the last category who had been away for as long as three weeks wouldn't know the old place when they got back!—Applause.

This naturally brought him round to the subject of Los Angeles as a city of business and homes. He pointed out its marvelous growth—quoting freely from the latest issue of the city directory and other reliable authorities to prove his figures; he made a few heartrousing predictions touching on its future prospects, as tending to show that in a year or less San Francisco and other ambitious contenders along the Coast would be eating at the second table; he peopled the land clear back to the mountains with new homes and new neighbors; and he wound up, in a burst of vocal glory, with the most magnificent testimonial for the climate I ever heard any climate get. Did he move his audience then? Oh, but didn't he move them though! Along toward the close of the third minute of uninterrupted cheering I thought the new roof was gone.

On the day after my arrival I made one very serious mistake; in fact, it came near to being a fatal one. I met a lady, and naturally right away she asked me the customary opening question. Every conversation between a stranger and a resident begins according to that formula. Still it seemed to me to be an inopportune hour for bringing up the subject. It was early in March and the day was one of those days a greenhorn from the East might have been pardoned for regarding as verging upon the chilly—not to say the raw. Also it seemed to be raining. I say it seemed to be raining, because no true Southern Californian would admit any actual defects in the climatic arrangements. If pressed he might concede that ostensibly an infinitesimal percentage of precipitation was descending, and that apparently the mercury had descended a notch or two in the tube. Further than that, in the absence of official reports, he would not care to commit himself.

You never saw such touching loyalty anywhere! Those scoffing neighbors of Noah who kept denying there was going to be any flood to the moment when they went down for the third time were rank amateurs alongside a seasoned resident of Los Angeles. I was newly arrived, however, and I hadn't acquired the ethics yet; and besides, I had contracted a bad cold and had been taking a number of things for it and for the moment was, as you might say, full of conflicting emulsions. So, in reply to this lady's question, I said it occurred to me that the prevalent atmospheric conditions might for the nonce stand a few trifling alterations without any permanent ill effects.

I repeat that this was a mistake; for this particular lady was herself a recent arrival, and of all the incurable Californians the new ones are the most incurable. She gave me one look—but such a look! From a reasonably solid person I became first a pulp and then a pap; and then, reversing the processes of creation as laid down in Genesis, first chapter, and first to fifth verses, I liquefied and turned to gas, and darkness covered me, and I became void and without form, and passed off in the form of a vapor, leaving my clothes inhabited only by a blushing and embarrassed emptiness. When the outraged lady abated the intensity of her scornful gaze and I painfully reassembled my astral body out of space and projected it back into my earthly tenement again, I found I'd shrunk so in these various processes that nothing I wore fitted me any longer.

The Passing of Señor Oblongata

I SHALL never commit that error again. I know better now. If I were a condemned criminal about to die on a gallows at the state penitentiary, I would make the customary announcement touching on my intention of going straight to Heaven—condemned criminals never seem to have any doubt on that point—but in conclusion I would add that after Southern California I knew I wouldn't care for the climate Up There. Then I would step serenely off into eternity, secure in the belief that, no matter how heinous my crime might have been, all the local papers would give me nice obituary notices.

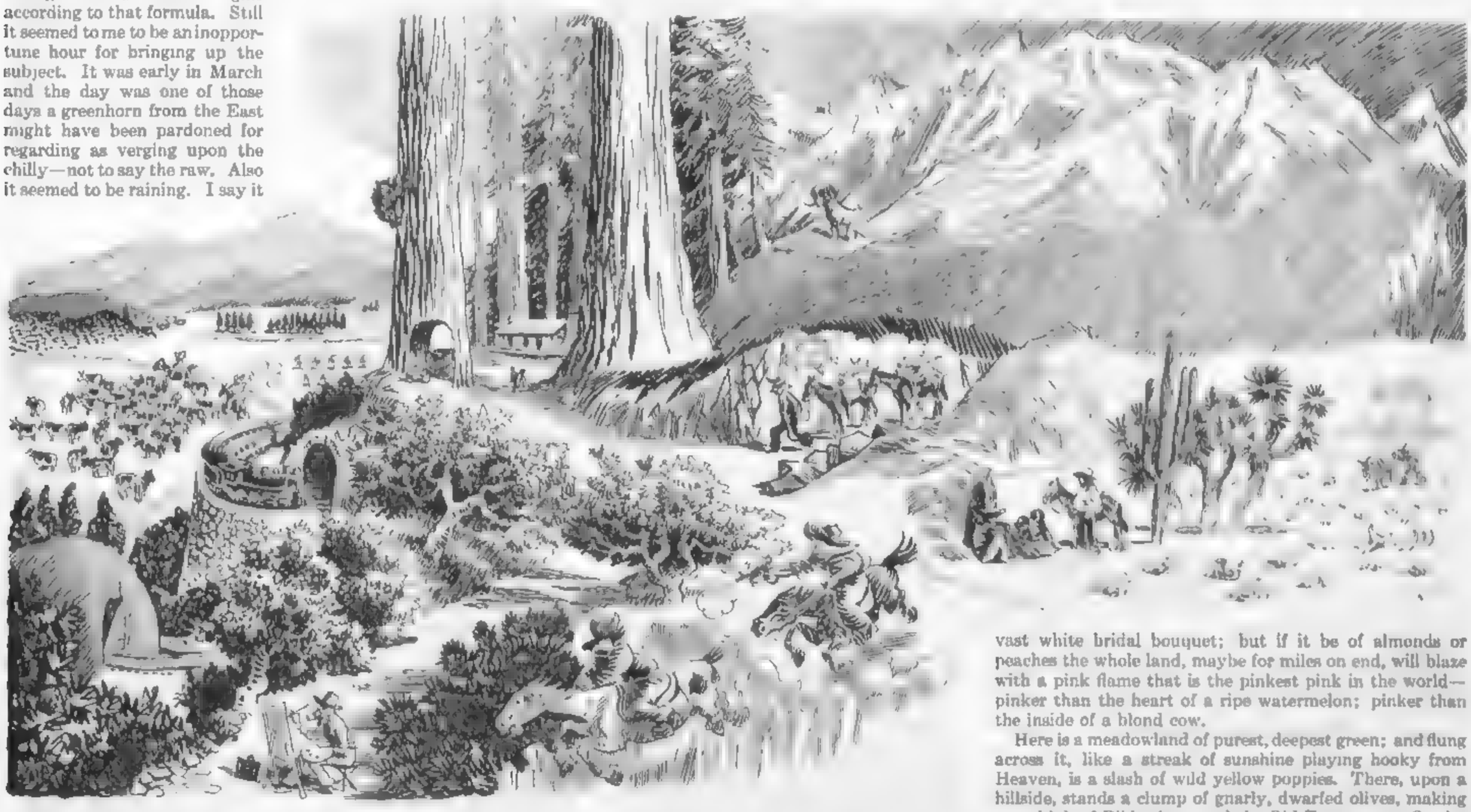
I'd be absolutely sure of the papers, because the papers are the last to concede that there ever was or ever will be a flaw in the climate anywhere. In a certain city out on the Coast there is one paper that refuses even to admit that a human being can actually expire while breathing the air of Southern California. It won't go so far as to say that anybody has died—"passed away" is the term used. You read in its columns that Medulla Oblongata, the Mexican who was kicked in the head by a mule last Sunday afternoon, has passed away at the city hospital; or that, during yesterday's misunderstanding in Chinatown between the Bing Bangs and the Ok Louies, two Tong men were shot and cut in such a manner that they passed away on the spot. When I was there I traveled all one day over the route of the unprecedented cold snap that had happened along a little earlier and mussed up the citrus groves; and, though I will not go so far as to say that the orange crop had died or that it had been killed, it did look to me as though it had passed away to a considerable extent.

This sort of visitation, however, doesn't occur often; in fact it never had occurred before—and the chances are it never will occur again. Next to taxes and the high cost of living, I judge the California climate to be about the most dependable institution we have in this country—yes, and one of the most satisfactory too. To its climate Southern California is indebted for being the most extravagantly beautiful spot I've seen on this continent. It isn't just beautiful in spots—it is beautiful all over; it isn't beautiful in a sedate, reserved way there is a prodigal, riotous, abandoned spendthriftiness to its beauty.

I don't know of anything more wonderful than an automobile ride through one of the fruit valleys down in the Mission country. In one day's travel—or, at most, two—you can get a taste of all the things that make this farthermost corner of the United States at once so diversified and so individual—sky-piercing mountain and mirage-painted desert; seashore and upland; ranch lands, farm lands and fruit lands; city and town; traces of our oldest civilization and stretches of our newest; wilderness and jungle and landscape garden; the pines of the snows, the familiar growths of the temperate zone, the palms of the tropics; and finally—which is California's own—the Big Trees. All day you may ride and never once will your eye rest upon a picture that is commonplace or trumpery.

Going northward or southward, your road lies between mountains. To the eastward, shutting out the deserts from this domain of everlasting summer, are the Sierras—great saw-edged old he-mountains, masculine as bulls or bucks, all rugged and wrinkled, bearded with firs and pines upon their jowls, but bald-headed and hoar with age at top like the Prophets of old. But the mountains of the Coast Range, to the westward, are full-bosomed and maternal, mothering the valleys up to them; and their round-uddered, fecund slopes are covered with softest green. Only when you come closer to them you see that the garments on their breasts are not silky-smooth as they looked at a distance, but shirred and gored, gathered and smocked. I suppose even a lady mountain never gets too old or too settled to follow the fashions!

Now you pass an orchard big enough to make a hundred of your average Eastern orchards; and if it be of apples or plums or cherries, and the time be springtime, it is all one vast white bridal bouquet; but if it be of almonds or peaches the whole land, maybe for miles on end, will blaze with a pink flame that is the pinkest pink in the world—pinker than the heart of a ripe watermelon; pinker than the inside of a blond cow.



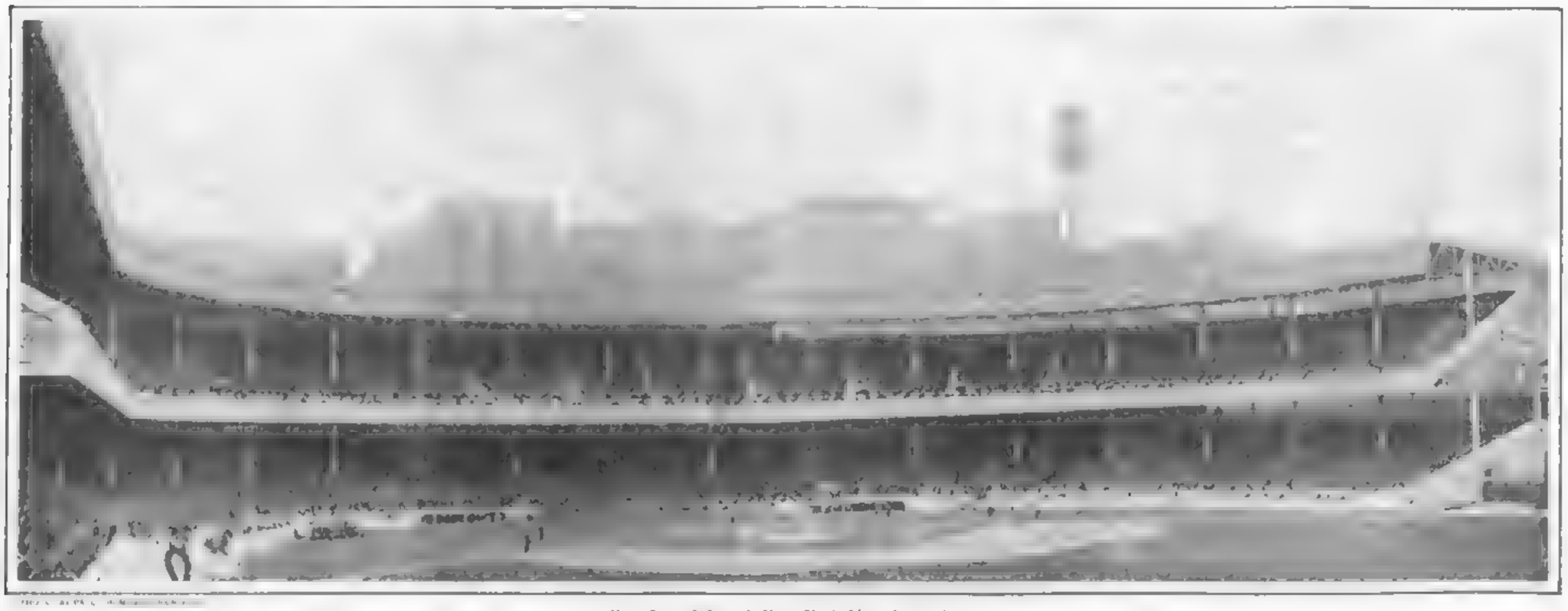
Here is a meadowland of purest, deepest green; and flung across it, like a streak of sunshine playing hooky from Heaven, is a slash of wild yellow poppies. There, upon a hillside, stands a clump of gnarly, dwarfed olives, making you think of Bible times and the Old Testament. Or else it is a great ranch, where cattle by thousands feed upon the slopes. Or a crested ridge, upon which the gum trees stand up in long aisles, sorrowful and majestic as the funereal groves of the ancient Greeks—that is, provided it was the ancient Greeks who had the funereal groves.

Or, best of all and most striking in its contrasts, you will see a cut-plush hill, with a nap on it like a family album; and right on the top of it an old, crumbly graystone mission, its cross gleaming against the skyline; and, down below, a modern town, with red roofs and hipped windows, its houses buried to their eaves in palms and giant rose bushes, and huge climbing geraniums, and all manner of green tropical growths that are Nature's own Christmas trees, with the red-and-yellow dingle-dangles growing upon them.

(Continued on Page 24)

The Business End of Baseball

By B. B. Johnson—President of the American League



The Grand Stand, New York Polo Grounds

BASEBALL is the national pastime of America; it is a nation-wide business. If it were not a square, interest-holding game it would not be a successful business. On the other hand, if baseball were not an honorably and efficiently conducted business it would not be the highly developed, scientific game it is today.

The American public will not part with its money to see inferior ball-playing; and if the gate receipts are poor the management cannot afford to develop players and pay them adequate compensation for their expertness. The two propositions are interdependent.

Expansion, not restraint, is the tendency of the present method of conducting the business end of baseball. Facts and figures bear this out. The last ten or twelve years have witnessed an expansion that has been wonderfully rapid, both in the sport itself and in its finances. Prior to that time baseball was in a bad way.

Rowdyism and umpire-baiting were the rule, not the exception; and profanity was a common by-product of the ballfield. All this has been done away with, and whenever infractions of the general order of good conduct occur those guilty are summarily dealt with and punished. But the large majority of players in the major leagues appreciate the fact that clean sportsmanship is essential to the integrity of the game.

On the financial side the changes are equally important. A decade ago it was considered a very successful year when a dozen minor leagues finished a season, some of them resorting to the expedient of changing their circuits to interest new backers. Last year there were more than thirty minor leagues enrolled under the National Association, and comparatively few of them were forced to quit with uncompleted schedules. This, of course, does not take into account the great number of independent or unattached teams, which belonged to no regular circuit and were not enrolled in the professional ranks.

How the Expenses Pile Up

BASEBALL as a healthful and regular diversion is confined no longer to the more populous communities. In the smaller cities and towns, where formerly a few haphazard games were played by picked-up nines, one will find today regularly organized teams of fairly skillful players, backed by civic pride and competing with natural rivals. The game has come to be the safety valve for a nation's surplus vitality.

With the expansion of the sport and the corresponding accession of interest in it the business end of baseball has been compelled to keep step. The revenue from the game has increased greatly; but one does not see any millionaires "retiring" from it—not one multimillionaire who has filled fat moneybags out of the public's need of amusement. Indeed, without exception, the few men of large means identified with baseball have made their fortunes in other lines of business.

The increased revenue of the game, as a matter of fact, has been offset by the increased cost of operation. In ten years the cost of maintaining and conducting a baseball club has more than doubled. Where a major-league club could be financed a decade ago for seventy-five thousand dollars a year, it now costs from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars annually.

Take the Boston American League Club, for example: The World's Champions command salaries that total a sum between eighty-five thousand and ninety-five thousand dollars for the season. Interest—fixed charges—on the indebtedness incurred in the construction of Fenway Park amounts to thirty thousand dollars. The traveling expenses of the team eat up twenty thousand dollars more. The upkeep of the plant, with the salaries of the minor employees required to handle the crowds properly, will run up to fifteen thousand dollars. League dues average from seven thousand to seventy-five hundred dollars a year. Spring training—conditioning the players—costs from eight thousand to ten thousand dollars. Supplies—uniforms, bats, balls and gloves—bring about an expenditure of fully five thousand dollars. Then there is scouting—the salary and expenses of even one economical scout, to scour the country for new players, will foot up easily six thousand dollars. The Cleveland Club has three such men on its payroll.

Now these figures, aggregating a minimum of one hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, do not include the salaries of the officials of the club, who are part owners. Neither do these figures take into account the heavy cost of keeping the playing strength of the team up to standard by the constant acquisition of new playing talent.

This item alone cost the eight clubs of the American League last year the sum of $182,550 in cash—or an average of over twenty-two thousand dollars a club! For the same purpose the National League Clubs expended $126,800. Add to these expenditures the item of $93,250, which the sixteen major-league clubs contracted to pay out in the event players made good, and the grand total is $402,600 for the season—over four hundred thousand dollars for new talent. Incidentally this money went into the coffers of the minor leagues. Many a team in the minors was able to show a profit instead of a loss on the season because of the cash received from the majors for players under the practice of the National Agreement.

Much of the increased revenue of baseball in the past ten years has gone to the ballplayers and to provide bigger, better and more comfortable accommodations for patrons in keeping with the public's demand. In all except one of the eight American League cities there have been erected steel and concrete plants, requiring investments ranging from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars. In the eighth city a new plant is in process of construction. This means comfort to the patrons of the game—more important still, absolute safety from fire. And what does it mean to the owners?

In one year there is a maximum of seventy-seven days when the park can be open to the public! As a matter of record it is not open that many days in any city of the league circuit. Rain and wet grounds cause postponements; and, as there are few open dates in the schedule, the result is double-headers—two games the same afternoon for one admission. If a Saturday is lost—or a Sunday in the West—a double-header never makes up the loss in gate money. Other days may be made up. But if we put the occasions when the ball park is open at seventy days a year there will be no understatement of fact. In what other business is there an investment of from a quarter to half a million dollars in a plant that is to be operated seventy days a year?

Players' salaries have doubled in a period of twelve years, and the emoluments of the really great players have gone up by leaps and bounds. Time was when there was a salary limit of twenty-four hundred dollars for major-league stars. Now the average is from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars—and no limit! Fourteen men were carried by a club not many years ago; today thirty-five men may be carried on a club's roster from August twentieth to May fifteenth; and twenty-five men from the middle of May to the twentieth of August. Moreover, most clubs carry the full limit, which shows how the field of employment of the ballplayer has widened.

When Players' Salaries Were Cut

IN 1892, when Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, was playing with Pittsburgh, of the National League, the stars of the club were drawing thirty-five hundred and four thousand dollars each. But the club was not making money, owing to the disorganization of the game, and a cut in salaries was necessary. To Mack and his teammates the proposition was made that fifteen days were to be lopped off the contract season, thus reducing the prescribed salary for the year; or the player was to be given his release. Every man took the cut. Then the management offered the men contracts for the salary limit of twenty-four hundred dollars for the next season, and the threat was made that if they did not sign at once the salary would be but twenty-one hundred. Every man signed.

When the American League came into existence such a great ballplayer as Lajoie was receiving merely the limit of twenty-four hundred dollars for his services. This was in 1901. What is the situation today?

The records in my office show that the young man with only a year or two of experience in the highest class who does not get more than the limit formerly paid to the best man has been backward in developing his talent. A case in point is that of Foster, third baseman of the Washington team. In 1912 Foster's salary was twenty-one hundred dollars. He was a promising player, but inexperienced and untried; yet he was paid at the start of his big-league career nearly as much as the skilled veterans of former days—Nichols, Tucker, Lowe, Long, Nash, Duffy and McCarty—who won pennants for the Boston Nationals. Foster proved his worth, and his salary was raised to thirty-five hundred for his second season in the majors.

These salaries, it should be remembered, are for only seven months of the ballplayer's year. The remaining five

months are his to do with as he sees fit—to add to his income in other lines of employment or to fit himself by study for some vocation. Another point—for the seven months he is under contract he is found! One month of this period is devoted to spring training, when the players' traveling and living expenses are paid. Of the regular playing season, covering about six months, half of the time is spent on the road, when the club bears all expenses. This should be taken into consideration when the player's salary is compared with wages in other walks of life.

The case of Cobb, of the Detroit Club, has been widely exploited, with some prejudice, and altogether without consideration of all the facts and conditions surrounding it. In the fall of 1905, at the age of twenty-two, Cobb went to Detroit, with a wonderful store of latent ability, but without experience. He did not know big-league baseball—he was green. At the start he was paid eighteen hundred dollars. Under the tuition and guidance of Manager Jennings—"Hughie" Jennings, who was a star on the champion Baltimore team—Cobb quickly developed into one of the grandest players the game has known. Simultaneously his salary went up rapidly, until, at the beginning of 1910, it was nine thousand dollars a year—after only four full seasons of major-league service! This was as much as any three stars of the game were receiving fifteen years ago. Such progress as Cobb enjoyed would be considered a phenomenal rise for a young man in any other kind of business, even if he possessed the Georgian's ability.

Cobb's contract expired at the end of the season of 1912, and he demanded from the Detroit Club a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year—a raise of six thousand dollars over what he had been receiving. This was out of all reason in my opinion—particularly when one considers that Crawford, the heavy-hitting right fielder of the Detroits, was playing in the same outfield with Cobb at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. There was not ten thousand dollars' worth of difference in the ability of the two men; nothing like it.

A New Policy

THE wide discussion of the Cobb case has brought up once more a consideration of the reserve rule—the provision of baseball law that gives the club an option on a player's services for the coming season. Much has been said about the injustice and hardship of the reserve rule without giving attention to any of its compensatory features and advantages.

Without such a rule it would be out of the question to maintain the present high salaries paid to players, or to furnish wholesale amusement of a high standard of excellence to so wide a clientele as at present—particularly at the existing scale of prices.

The cost of seeing star ballplayers in action would soar if there were no provision for reserving to a club the skilled men developed by it.

Furthermore, in the nature of things the stars of the game would eventually be monopolized by clubs in New York and Chicago, where tremendous gate receipts are always possible. Conversely the clubs of the smaller cities would be raided for their best players and interest in the game would sink to a low level.

Let me illustrate: The Washington Club for many years was considered more or less of a jest in baseball. This was due to the policy of the former owners. The team was always at the foot of the ladder. The games were therefore poorly attended; and in order to pay expenses and make a little money, the owners invariably disposed of their best players at the season's end—sometimes in midseason. That was in the old days.

The present management of the Washington Club started a different policy and began to build up a good team. In the spring of 1911, when the process of rebuilding was little more than under way, fire destroyed the grand stand. It was insured for only thirteen thousand dollars. The club had not sufficient funds to erect a modern fireproof plant, the specifications of which called for an investment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This necessary improvement was financed in the following way: The clubowners took up one hundred thousand dollars of bonds and increased the capital stock from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars; then sold the additional stock for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and built the plant.

The club is now clearing off this indebtedness—why? Because the people of Washington are treated to highclass baseball. The new and wise policy of building up a team is bearing fruit; last year the club finished second, and it bids fair to be a contender for the pennant this season—for which many patrons of the game give considerable credit to a young man by the name of Walter Johnson; though, of course, Manager Griffith is accorded his just due.

A Few of the Live Ones Who Go Home Hoarse

Waiting Since Early Morning

One Section of a Mass of Thirty-Five Thousand Fans

Learning the Game

AT THIS writing Washington has won twenty-five games. Of these victories Johnson, one of the greatest pitchers the game has produced, is credited with twelve! His value to the Washington Club is hard to estimate. But Washington discovered him in "the bushes"; Washington schooled and developed him; and Washington is entitled to the benefit of this schooling so long as Johnson is fairly treated—and, by the way, he is a markedly contented ballplayer. But the point is, if it were not for the reserve rule without a doubt Johnson would now be pitching for a club in some big city—probably New York; other good players of that club would be playing elsewhere, and Washington would be clinging, as in former days, to the last rung of the ladder.

It requires no argument to demonstrate that it is for the general good of baseball, particularly for the players themselves, to have in the big leagues—and in each small league, for that matter—evenly balanced teams, with a pennant race that is close and exciting. If one or two cities could monopolize the star players it would demoralize the game.

The apprenticeship every ballplayer must undergo, no matter how much latent ability he may possess, is not altogether appreciated by the general public. By this I do not mean that the young player is articled, as the legal phrase terms it, but that he must necessarily learn the finer points of the game before he can compete regularly in fast company.

Take a young pitcher, for instance: He comes to a major league club with a fair amount of "stuff"—speed and a good curve; but he knows nothing about the finer points of pitching and cannot field the position. Under the guidance of the leader of the team, and under the painstaking tuition of an old catcher, with the help and advice of a seasoned pitcher, this young man begins to learn. The first season he takes part in five games, three of which are lost. Yet he receives eighteen hundred dollars for the

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BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

XI

"LUCIA!"

"Is that you, Eddie?" came the drowsy answer.

"Yes. Do you mind if I come in and talk to you?"

"Of course not, dear; what's the matter?"

"Everything—beginning with me and ending with myself." Edna stepped to the window and stood there for a moment, breathing deeply the soft, balsamic air sweet with the odor of jasmine and orange blossoms drenched in dew. The night was warm and a young moon was poised just above the treetops. Lucia, who had roused herself in bed and was watching her sister, thought that she looked like some lovely, ethereal spirit of the night, as she stood there with the moonlight on her pallid face and filtering through her gossamer nightdress. But if a spirit, she was certainly a restless one, for she moved uneasily about, talking apparently as much to herself as to Lucia and in short, fitful sentences, nervous and irrelevant.

"I can't sleep. The orange blossoms outside my window are too strong. They make me sick. I wonder why brides wear orange blossoms? Aunt Nell looks like a real bride now, doesn't she? I did her and dad a good turn when I got Penfold and myself lost in those beastly woods. Dad said he didn't even bother about a shelter that first rainy night. He curled up at the foot of a tree like a boar, and it never feazed him. Who'd ever have thought that Penfold would have been so quick to knock under?"

"That's not fair, Eddie. He has just come back from a terribly malarious climate where he'd been very ill with fever. He was only half cured, and he told us in New York that he was about twenty-five pounds under his normal weight."

"Then he shouldn't have gone on that shooting trip," answered Edna irritably. "You may be sure that if I'd thought he was going to keel over ——"

"He didn't keel over until he'd got you to a place of safety," Lucia interrupted hotly; "and a jolly lot you helped when he did."

"Who told you that?" asked Edna quickly. "Did he?"

"No, of course he didn't. Penfold's not that kind. I learned all about it from Dee, that poor, half-starved young one that dad brought back with him."

Edna seated herself on the edge of the bed. Her bare, round arms gleamed like silver in the pale moonlight. Lucia, watching her curiously from the shadow, thought that she had never seen a more exquisite profile of face and neck and shoulder than Edna's against the indigo sky. She noted also that the soft, girlish bosom was rising and falling like that of a person in pain. She was puzzled and interested rather than sympathetic, for she guessed that Edna's trouble was remorse for a course of behavior none too thoroughbred. Lucia rather suspected her sister of having tried to involve Penfold in a flirtation that might not count to his credit with Mrs. Duane, whose views on the proprieties were of the strictest character. Edna had frankly admitted that their getting lost was her own fault, as Penfold, distrusting his ability to find the camp, had wished to give up the pursuit of the wounded buck and return, and it was Edna who had urged that they go on. Lucia now began to suspect that Edna had really wanted to get lost, and she thought it possible that her sister was suffering from a severe attack of conscience, not only for her criminal folly but for her unjust suspicions in regard to Penfold's condition, about which Lucia had learned from Dee.

"What did that brat tell you?" Edna asked, twisting her hair between her fingers.

"He said that you went out and sat in the sun, without seeming to care whether Penfold lived or died, and sent him in to get off his wet clothes and put him to bed."

"But you could hardly expect me to undress him, could you?" Edna demanded fiercely.

"A sick man? A man that had been taking care of you and carrying your share of the load and keeping up your spirits and wrapping you up in his coat while he shivered in front of the fire?"

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, silly, you did. But anybody who knows Penfold knows that that is precisely what he would do. The chances are that he was fighting his fever all day long. You say he kept falling down; he was weak and half blind and going on pure nerve. And then, after you reach the cabin and he goes down and out, you couldn't think of taking care of him because of your lovely maiden modesty! Really, Eddie, sometimes you make me actually jaded!" And Lucia stretched out a slender arm to snap on her electric light, being a bit disgusted with elusive moonlight.

"Turn it off, Lucia; I hate it!"

Lucia obeyed. There was a moment of silence. Edna stirred uneasily.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked. "Go ahead and talk to me."

"No, you talk to me. You came in here to say something. Go ahead and say it and get it off your mind."

"But I don't know how to begin."

Edna's voice, usually so self-assured, had in it a plaintive, hesitant note.

"Well then, if you like, I'll say it for you. You are ashamed of yourself, Eddie; that's the Alpha and Omega of your trouble."

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is," Lucia persisted. "I know your methods. You wanted to break up the Aunt Nell-Penfold combination, and so first you tried to get dad to help you. You had him all primed up, and then he charged off and upset the whole apple-cart. But something had to be done, so you tackled Carl; but he thought your methods rather unsportsmanlike and slammed off in the schooner, washing his hands of the whole business. Carl hasn't much sense, but he's got some decency. So then you took the situation into your own cunning little hands, rigged up this camp hunt and started to captivate Penfold. I saw you philandering on the way to the camp. I cleared out as fast as I could, because it made my inside feel as though I'd fed it too many chocolates."

"Lucia, you didn't see ——"

"Yes, I did. You caught me up. Horses ought to be trained to push along at a different sort of sound. We ought to g-r-r-r-r at them, as they do in France."

"Lucia!"

Edna squirmed about in the moonlight, then jumped suddenly to her feet and went to the window. The night breeze brought in the odor of distilling orange blossoms with a malicious insistence.

Edna returned to the big mahogany bed and took one of the carved posts in her hands, leaning on it and staring at her sister with eyes as luminous as those of a cat.

"Well," said she, and gave a nervous little laugh, "go on with the post-mortem."

"It made me rather envious," said Lucia. "I don't know how much his heart may have been in his work, and it may be that he was giving only the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual disgrace, but it looked rather nice to me. You see, I'd tried the same thing myself, but with a success depending entirely on the point of view."

"You crazy kid, what are you talking about?" Edna leaned forward, resting her hand on her sister's knee and staring at her curiously.

"Don't fidget so, Eddie. Either sit still or else go back to bed. You keep interrupting the trend of my narrative. I tried to make him kiss me when I brought him from the station the day that he arrived. I did that a good deal as they heave the lead on the schooner; but I got 'no bottom.' That shows that I must be deeper than you are."

"And he thought me an accomplished coquette, who knew what I wanted and would be hurt if I didn't get it?"

"That seems a natural supposition. Talbot Penfold isn't the sort of man to assume that you'd fall in love with him at first sight."

"You seem awfully keen about him, Lucia."

"I am."

"You silly child, you are not falling in love with him?"

"I wouldn't swear to it," said Lucia calmly.

"But you scarcely know him." Edna's voice was sharp and strained.

"I'm getting to know him better every day, and the better I know him the better I like him. He likes me too," said Lucia naïvely.

Edna began to twist a fold of her nightdress nervously between her hands. Lucia's calm voice continued placidly:

"When you're nursing a sick man you get awfully fond of him, Eddie, if he's the right sort. Penfold is. He hasn't got a selfish scrap in his whole nature, and he's sweet and strong and thoughtful."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" cried Edna so passionately that Lucia leaned forward to stare at her. A band of moonlight struck across the foot of the bed and revealed Edna's face as she half turned it from her sister. It seemed to Lucia that she had never properly appreciated Edna's unusual beauty, and as she stared, puzzled and admiring, a shudder passed through the body of the elder girl and she covered her face with her hands. Lucia scrambled up, slipped down beside her sister and dropped her hand on the soft, bare shoulder.

"Eddie," said she soothingly, "don't be so upset about it, dear; Talbot doesn't ——"

"Have you got to the Talbot stage?" Edna demanded hotly.

"Yes, of course."

"Why of course?" Edna drew her shoulder away, not brusquely, but as though the touch of her sister's hand made her nervous. Lucia thought nothing of this, as Edna had always been undemonstrative and had disliked caresses from any but her father. The two girls scarcely ever kissed each other except at parting and meeting.

Breathing Deeply the Soft, Balsamic Air Sweet With the Odor of Jasmine

But Before He Could Speak Her Arms Were Round His Neck

"He calls me Lucia," answered Lucia defensively, "so I call him Talbot. I'm not going to let him consider me as a child."

"But you are a child; you won't be eighteen until next month. Why shouldn't he call you Lucia and treat you as a child?"

Lucia pondered for a moment. "Maybe it's because I've felt more like a woman since I met Penfold," she answered softly.

Edna moved uneasily and seemed to draw away still farther.

"He's about fifteen years your senior, my dear," said she coldly.

"I'm glad of it. I could never fall in love with an unlicked cub—like Carl, for instance. Talbot is a man, as you'll find out when you come to know him as well as I do."

"I know him better!" Edna sprang up, stepped to the windows and opened them again. For a moment she stood breathing deeply the flower-scented air, and the odor seemed to intoxicate her, for she swayed as she stood. Lucia was not looking at her. She was in the moonlight herself now, and as she turned Edna saw that she was smiling, as if to herself.

"Are you trying to drive me crazy, you little devil?" she demanded chokingly, but there was an odd, eager note in her voice. "Because if you are, you needn't. I'm not silly like Aunt Nell. I know what I want, so please, Lucia, don't try to tease me. I'm wild enough already, so don't try to make me wilder by talking about Talbot and how splendid he is when you really know him. Don't you suppose that I know him after being lost as we were, and seeing how strong and brave and patient he was?" Her voice broke and she sank down on the bed, covering her face with her hands. Lucia stared at her, startled. Edna flung out one of her bare arms as if seeking her sister's hand, but this time it was Lucia who drew instinctively away.

"Edna," she cried in a low, strained voice, "you don't mean that you've fallen in love with him yourself?"

Edna's answer was almost a wail. "Of course I have! Why shouldn't I? Do you think that I could help myself when he was so dear and comforting and tender? Oh, Lucia, I just adore him!" She covered her face with her hands and began to sob. "I've been such a nasty little cat, and now I'm getting paid off for it. I did want to put him wrong with Aunt Nell and make her think him light and frivolous; but that was as much for dad's sake, and yours and Carl's sake, as for my own. The family came first with me, but that was before I knew him—before I knew anything. I practically forced him to kiss me—and he is the very first man that I've ever let kiss me—and it did something to me, Lucia. I knew from that moment that I loved him. But I didn't know how much, and I still wanted to stop Aunt Nell from giving all her money to this charity; and it was my fault that we got lost in the woods. But I hadn't thought about his fever; and when he acted so strangely at the camp on the Little Sandy I couldn't understand, and jumped to conclusions like a fool. It almost killed me. I'd always hated men before when they got—oh, you know." She sat up suddenly, flung back her braids and gave her head a little shake, then looked at her sister. "Why don't you say something, Lucia?"

"What do you want me to say, Eddie?" Lucia's voice appeared to have lost its interest in life. Edna did not notice it. She was too engrossed with her own violent emotion.

"Say that I'm a fool and that it serves me right and that—that you've just been trying to tease me. You don't really care for him, do you, dear?"

"Not as you do." Lucia drew up her round knees and clasped her hands in front of them. Her wide, boyish mouth was rather tightly set and she looked curiously at her sister.

"Then say something! Do you think he hates me?"

"Of course he doesn't. I don't think he ever hated anybody in his life—or ever could. He told me what you thought, and he laughed—not in a mean way, but as if he thought it rather an amusing joke on himself."

"He's a dear! Oh, Lucia, I'm just mad about that poor, precious rack of bones. Do you think that he has really forgiven me?"

"Of course he has."

"Then why is he so—so queer when I go in to see him?"

"He's very ill."

"But he doesn't call me Edna, and he did out there in the woods. And he sat down beside me at the foot of a tree and held me in his arms and comforted me, and wrapped me up in his coat and shivered in front of the fire. He calls you Lucia!"

"I'm a child."

"You're a darling!" Edna flung her arms round her sister's neck. "But I wish that I were sure ——" She tried to examine Lucia's face, but the girl had sunk back into the shadow. "I wish that I could be sure that he understands. How could I know anything about fevers? Of course, even if I couldn't, I ought to have known about Doctor Penfold. But I was so tired and nervous and upset and I'd never really cared before, and that makes all the difference in the world, as you'll find out when you really truly care yourself." She seemed to hesitate for a moment, then asked diffidently: "You don't really care for him, do you, dear? Because if you do ——"

"What?"

Edna drew a deep breath. She got up and stood for a moment looking at her sister.

"If you really do," she said quietly, "I shan't interfere. I'll go away. Harold and Hermione Applebo have asked me to go with them on a cruise to Havana. Do you really care for him, Lucia? Tell me, dear."

"You Don't Mean That You've Fallen in Love With Him Yourself?"

Lucia stretched her long, slender arms over her head, twined her fingers together and threw back her shoulders with a little yawn.

"I don't know, Eddie," she answered sleepily. "What difference does it make anyhow? To tell the honest truth, this love game makes me rather tired, when I see how it affects people. I like Talbot tremendously, but I'm hanged if I'd let it make a fool of me. Besides, what's the use? He's not the least in love with either of us. He's a man of one idea, and I don't think that girls figure much in the idea. Let's go to sleep and try to forget about it. Good night."

She flung her lithe young body on the bed and stretched out luxuriously. Edna looked at her for a moment, then turned to the door.

"I fancy you're right," said she in her normal voice. "Anyhow, it's done me good to talk to you. I don't often make a fool of myself, but when I do I like to be thorough about it. Good night, dear."

And the portières rustled behind her.

XII

PENFOLD got up from his fever-bed with two powerful convictions—the first being that he was as limp as a wet dishrag and had got to take extremely good care of himself if he wanted to get his strength back; the second that it was no privation to be laid up when one had as sweet and lovable and devoted a nurse as Lucia Gillespie.

Lucia had told him of how matters stood between her father and her aunt, and Penfold was sincerely glad. He liked Gillespie and considered him a brave and honest gentleman, and the prospective union seemed to him a most excellent arrangement. He felt also that it would restrain Mrs. Duane from expending her entire fortune on her proposed charity, a resolution of which he had never approved. Even the half of her estate would be quite enough to carry out her idea on a most elaborate scale, as Penfold had already attempted to convince her.

But interested as he was in the proposed Duane Home, the mind of the missionary had been much more occupied during the last few days of his illness with the project of a Penfold home, with a certain long-limbed, sweet-voiced, violet-eyed nymph as its directress. This idea seemed almost ridiculous, owing to Lucia's extreme youth, and Penfold felt almost ashamed of himself as he considered it. Yet he knew that he already loved her tenderly and devotedly, and even though scarcely more than a child in many ways, she was still a woman grown. Plenty of girls married at eighteen; but what troubled Penfold was the question whether, even granted his ability to win her affection, she would be happy in the work to which he had pledged himself. His personal income was small, and he had told Mrs. Duane that he would accept no salary for the management of her benevolent institution. This also would require his constant attention, and he wondered whether a girl as full of life and spirits and as fond of gayety as Lucia appeared to be could content herself under the proposed conditions of his future.

Another disturbing factor was Edna. Penfold would have had to be blind or a fool not to have perceived the state of this young lady's emotions. At first he had thought her behavior due to remorse and regret for her unjust suspicions on their arrival at the Little Sandy, and he had been sincerely touched at her obvious repentance. But as the days passed he discovered that there were other sentiments involved, and these very poignant ones. There was a subdued and nervous intensity in Edna's manner when she visited his sickroom and a note in her deep voice—for both sisters had low-pitched voices—that troubled Penfold. He was one of those men who possess a natural and involuntary attraction for women, and he had passed through similar experiences in his life since leaving college. What annoyed him most was the gleam that sometimes shone from the girl's sea-gray eyes as she watched her sister performing some simple attention—smoothing a pillow, or feeding the patient the pulp of an orange, or reading aloud to him, for the first few days of fever had left Penfold terribly weak.

All things considered, it seemed to him that perhaps the best thing for him to do would be to lock up his own emotions and go away as soon as his strength permitted. Edna was no doubt suffering from a sudden strong infatuation, which would quickly cool once its object was removed, but would grow worse with propinquity. Penfold found himself dreading to be alone with her; and it is probable that he was the first man who had suffered from such a state of feelings. During the last few days the girl's uncommon loveliness seemed to have gained some quality that made it at times almost unnatural. Her complexion was paler, her lips of a brighter carmine, while her eyes seemed to have darkened and when talking to Penfold they would sometimes fill suddenly with tears. She encouraged him to talk, instead of talking herself, and once when referring to their experience when lost she clasped his hand in hers and held it tightly for an instant. He felt that she was hovering on the verge of a confession, and that night his fever mounted again. He did not like her, and the effort to conceal this antipathy was wearing.

As for Lucia, that inscrutable maiden betrayed nothing beyond a warm friendliness and tender sympathy.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1913

The New Banking Bill

THE Administration banking bill fairly meets the fundamental conditions of sound bank reform. It concentrates bank reserves and makes such reserves legally available in a pinch—as they should be. It makes commercial paper a strictly liquid asset by authorizing the Federal reserve institutions to rediscount it at all times and to draw upon the credit of the Government if necessary for that purpose.

This feature does away with the present dependence of city banks upon stock-exchange loans for secondary reserve, and will tend to make money cheaper for legitimate business purposes; also, it insures against any such collapses of credit as occurred in 1893 and 1907. The bill recognizes the indubitable fact that paper arising out of legitimate commercial transactions is the soundest basis for credit currency. It knits the banks more closely together and puts the Treasury into a rational relationship with them.

The chief difference between this bill and the Aldrich plan is, not that the bill confers broader functions upon the district or regional reserve institutions but that it places control over the banking system in a different quarter.

Broadly speaking, the new machinery the Aldrich plan proposed for the purpose of knitting the banks together and to the Government would be largely controlled by the banks themselves, while the new machinery this bill proposes for the same purpose will be controlled almost wholly by the Government.

Under the Aldrich plan the banks themselves might injuriously inflate or contract credit. Under the Administration plan a board, seven of whose nine members are appointed by the president, might do the same thing. There is the chief difference. We have no doubt that the Administration bill, if substantially enacted into law, will effect a very beneficial banking reform.

The New Money Dictators

A SATIRIST could discover cause for amusement in the Administration banking bill. For a long time we have been solemnly warned against the perils that attend concentration in a few hands of control over banking power and credits; but this bill would effect such a concentration of control over banks and credits as is to be found scarcely anywhere else in the world.

Seven men, appointed by the President of the United States, "with the advice and consent of the Senate," would have power to fix the rate of rediscount for commercial paper all over the United States; to define, within certain limits, what sort of paper should and should not be rediscounted by the Federal reserve banks; to issue at will—or refuse to issue—five hundred million dollars of United States notes; to suspend at will any and every legal reserve requirement for all banks in the country that joined in the new system; to close any Federal reserve bank, and to remove any officer of such bank; to say what interest the banks shall pay upon Treasury notes issued to them.

No half dozen John Pierpont Morgans ever in the wildest flights of ambitious imagining dreamed of achieving one-tenth of the power over banking and credits that this bill would vest in these politically appointed individuals. Seven men who elected to abuse the powers that this bill would vest in the presidential appointees could play upon bank credit in the United States as upon an accordion—expanding and contracting it at pleasure.

No seven men appointed by the president, however, ever would so abuse the trust reposed in them. Their power for harm would be incomparably greater than that of the Wall Street dragon which Messrs. Pujo and Untermyer unearthed; but we should be very little afraid of it.

Clean-Collar Jobs

WE HAVE no official statistics upon the subject, but we believe that the clean-collar superstition is slowly subsiding. Probably, since the schools closed last month, the annual sacrifice of young lives on the altar of white linen was relatively smaller by ten or fifteen per cent than it was a decade ago.

Comparatively speaking, we opine, the grand army of youths that marches into overcrowded, overworked, underpaid, blind-alley callings, beneath the banner of the laundered cuff, is diminishing. Some shop-grease, with some pay and prospects therewith, is surely preferable to an unspecked hand that is certain to be empty forty-eight hours after every payday.

Yet the latest statistics do show that one beautifully dirty occupation—the most healthful, most free and most uplooking of all—is still shunned to an appreciable extent. Farmers' boys—who might, out of a few scientifically and intensively cultivated acres at home, make more money, health and future than they can possibly make running a street car, clerking in a store or manipulating an adding machine—persist in going to town. They leave an occupation in which, among all occupations, it is easiest to make an independent start with little capital, and in which the future is most directly within their own hands, for various jobs in which independence is out of the question and where mere chance plays a much larger part in future advancement.

Farmwork, the year round, taxes nerves and muscles less than the average city office or factory job; but the country boy is apt to associate clean collars with holidays—and consequently to imagine that the bookkeeper who totters on the verge of nervous prostration does not work hard because his linen is unspotted.

A Woman's Sphere

PROBABLY it is high time to stop talking nonsense to women about their sphere, because it no longer imposes upon them. So long as it did impose upon them it was, of course, perfectly justifiable, for a man is foolish to pay his cook wages if he can keep her cheerful and willing by flattering conversation.

Housework, as the ordinary small American household is conducted, is excessively stupid and irksome. No intelligent white man would submit to it a week without running amuck and shooting up the place. To see anything inspiring in mopping the floor, dusting the furniture, making the beds and washing the dishes requires a power of imagination that cannot reasonably be expected of an ordinary female, since only a few extraordinary males have possessed it. As with all animal-like labor that requires mere muscle and patience, it tends to dull the mind. A woman doing her own housework, who is still under forty, observed the other day: "I used to read a great deal; but now my only ambition is to get the dishes done and die!"

Food must be cooked, floors mopped, dishes washed, stockings darned. When this dull work falls to the wife it is adding insult to injury to tell her she should never think of doing anything else—that performing labor the relative value of which is measured by a wage of about six dollars a week is the highest usefulness she can possibly find. When the dishes are done she ought to have interests outside the house, as different and as stimulating as possible. If they happen to involve carrying a banner in a political parade the change of occupation will do her good—even if the politics never does.

Cloture in the Senate

THE dullest aggregation of words extant lies within the ponderous covers of Sir Charles Grandison. We once read almost halfway through that lethal masterpiece—and have had a poor opinion of Hercules' little stunts ever since. We mention this by way of qualifying as experts before giving the following testimony: We have struggled patiently with debate in the United States Senate for years, and it is almost unreadable.

Now that is to be regretted. The Senate exercises a paramount influence upon national legislation. Its members are the pick of politicians. They have every facility for informing themselves. Debates in the Senate ought to constitute about the most valuable contemporaneous political literature; but their dullness is forbidding.

The chief fault lies in the rule of courtesy, by which any senator can speak on any subject at any time until his breath fails. Under this rule debate degenerates again and again into the merest twaddle, and page after page of the Congressional Record reads like a transcript of the unchecked loquacity of an old ladies' quilting bee. The rule makes it possible at every session for a minority to defeat the majority.

Senator Owen has proposed again to introduce cloture. The Senate must adopt the proposal or suffer the regrettable consequence of debating merely for its own edification. Its case is precisely that of the young author: He can solidly pack his meaning within manageable compass and get an audience for it, or he can spread it thinly over a vast area and let it go unread.

Federal Incorporation

LOOSELY speaking, the Union Pacific, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific traverse the same territory. The first is a corporation of Utah; the second is a corporation of Kansas; the third is a corporation of Kentucky. The Northern Pacific, whose eastern terminus is in Minnesota, is incorporated in Wisconsin. The Rock Island, which stops at Chicago, is incorporated in New Jersey. Why?

And even more why when it comes to the great interstate industrials—like the Steel Trust—with their agreeable habit of shopping round among the states to see which one will give them the freest hand to water stock and exercise any corporate powers they choose.

These big national concerns ought to be nationally incorporated. The staunchest advocate of state rights must admit that no one state can possibly supervise more than that relatively small portion of them which lies within its own boundaries. The power that creates them ought to cover as much territory as they cover. Why should a gentleman who owns only one lot issue a building permit that covers the whole block?

Congress, while of its present complexion, may be loath to interfere directly with that broad power to fix intrastate freight and passenger rates which the Supreme Court has confirmed to the states; but we hope it may see its way to authorize national incorporation for national concerns.

Barbed Wire Boundaries

NATURALLY we speak of Cleveland and Wilson as though they were not far apart; but in the former's first year in the White House the total foreign trade of the United States amounted to only one and a third billion dollars. In the first year of his first Democratic successor it amounted to four and a third billion dollars.

One of the big facts of our time is the enormous expansion of international trade. In only three years that of the United States has increased by a round billion dollars. Great Britain's trade with the world leaps upward month by month. Germany is in much the same case. Besides chattels, the world of late years has been trading humans on an unexampled scale. Immigrants pour into Canada. In the fiscal year just closed the United States received well toward a million and a half aliens, while more than five hundred thousand aliens who had been domiciled here for some time returned to their native countries.

With all this trading and traveling it looks as though the world ought to understand itself better. Our oversea business this year amounted to more than sixty per cent of the total estimated national wealth in 1850, but our trade laws are rather less liberal now than they were then. The average duty imposed by the Underwood Bill is somewhat higher than that collected in 1850. Under the present law it is not far short of twice as high. Except as to England, the world still trades through a barbed-wire fence.

Good Times for Lenders

SINCE June first the railroads have had to borrow about a hundred and fifty million dollars to meet maturing obligations. They have had to bid high for the money; but railroads are by no means the only victims of the present high cost of living for borrowers. During April more than fifty offerings of state and municipal bonds, bearing interest rates that ranged from four to five per cent, failed to find purchasers. In some other cases city bonds were marketed only by making unusual concessions to the lenders—as that the proceeds should lie on deposit for a certain length of time, or that no more bonds should be issued for a given period. England is struggling with the same condition—namely, the notable reluctance of investors to part with their money for any long-term commitment, except upon the most enticing conditions.

There is more money than ever before; bank deposits are virtually at the top notch; but, as regards long-term engagements, the money is decidedly on strike. It has frequently been pointed out that a thousand dollars invested at four per cent yields only two-thirds as much, measured by purchasing power, as it did a dozen years ago. The lesson has sunk in and the owner of the thousand dollars is now going out after that other third. It is a poor time to borrow. On the other hand, it is a fine time to lend.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Editor Who Knows Currency

CURRENCY is a current question—a recurrent question, to be exact—and has been ever since our primeval ancestors traded clamshells for clams; and so on down to the present day, when the topic falls into its political and personal aspects.

Broadly speaking, the currency question, both political and personal, is this: "How can some be procured?" The Government has been fussing with this problem for many years and has obtained various kinds. Likewise every person who lives under the Government is constantly on the alert to provide himself with as much as possible. It would seem, when both government and people want currency, currency should be easy to get; but that is not the fact. I violate no confidences when I state unreservedly that one of the hardest things for any government, especially ours, to get is sufficient currency; and you all know the individual obstacles that prevent its accumulation in the ordinary walks of life.

So far as the Government is concerned, the whole situation was neatly epitomized by a Missouri statesman who graced the halls of Congress upon one occasion. In his campaign for election he was illuminating the topics of the day to his constituents from a convenient stump. He was proceeding easily in a discussion of the tariff, with special reference to mules, when a disturber in the rear of the hall rose and asked in a most disconcerting manner:

"What do you know about currency, you old fraud, and where do you stand on the currency question?"

The candidate waved a conciliatory hand, and answered:

"I'll come to that presently!"

Then he proceeded to tear into the tariff. A few minutes later this same disturber rose and shouted again:

"Tell us where you stand on the currency question!"

Whereupon the Missouri statesman threw back his shoulders, glared defiantly at his tormentor and replied with great declamatory effect:

"I am for more and a fittener currency!"—and let it go at that.

He did not know it, but that Missouri statesman covered the currency question in all its phases with his reply. For many years this Government has been for "more and a fittener" currency, and the plans put forth to secure it have been as various as the men who put them forward. At present there seems to be an insistent demand that something shall be done to make our currency system more elastic; and the man who will have the House of Representatives' responsibilities in that direction is Carter Glass, of Lynchburg, Virginia, a newspaper editor, and chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency.

It appears, despite the plaints of some of his party's statesmen, that it will be too durned hot in Washington after the tariff bill is passed to fuss with currency, which is a subject fitted for calm examination in the cold days of winter; despite these plaints Mr. Wilson is set in his mind to have something done and will endeavor so to do. Hence Representative Glass has bulged effulgently into the limelight with his name tacked on about seven columns of solid nonpareil matter, which has for its end and aim the reform of our money system.

It is one of the paradoxes of our Government that a newspaper editor shall be the currency shaper in the House of Representatives. By and large, newspaper editors know less about currency by actual contact than almost any other class of our citizenship. They may be able to write about it—and many do—but there are few of them who have more than a casual acquaintance with it in any great gobs. Currency, to the newspaper editor, is something striven for but rarely attained. Hence, when we see an editor not only in close touch with it but promulgating inspirational ideas for its reform, we are prone to exclaim that a good many things happen in a free country which might not happen in a country that is freer—not, of course, that Mr. Carter Glass is not fully equipped to handle this complicated subject, but that this complicated subject is to be handled by Mr. Carter Glass.

First Aid to Currency Reformers

THERE is one thing about it, though, that requires a few lines of explanatory comment. It has been the invariable rule, when a man arrived in Congress from a point in our vast domain where coonskins continue as the medium of exchange, his arrival was coincident with the setting forth of a plan to reform the currency; and the fewer coonskins he had handled and acquired, the more elaborate was his plan. Every statesman I have known for many years—and I have known a good many—has had a plan for reforming the currency. Some of them said little about their ideas, but were morally certain, if the Administration should call on them unexpectedly for a new financial scheme, they could dash one off in a few hours that would put the circulating medium of the Nation on a firm, stable, elastic, safe and circumspect basis.

Others have talked about nothing else. The fact is that when a statesman gets the currency bug he is gone! It is a fell destroyer of lucid thought. It precludes continuity of effort except in that direction. It is the most dangerous and the most deadly of the legislative bacilli; for when statesmen consider themselves financial experts, they are hopeless. It saves time and trouble to throw the net over them and take them away, humanely allowing them a printing press, so they may issue whatsoever money they choose and circulate it in their padded cells.

The currency-reform crank is the most pestiferous of the lot. He knows it all. His plan is the only safe and feasible one. All others are crooks or greenbackers, wreckers or conservatives, or Money-Trust appendages. I can recall various promising careers wrecked by the currency-reform obsession; and the number of currency reformers who are not and have not been in Congress is so great that they thrust their pamphlets at you from every corner.

It is odd what this hallucination does to them. From rational, reasonable citizens they go clamoring off to utter frenzy over their abstruse ideas—no man's plan is like any other's; and the net result has been that our currency has remained steadfastly unreformed. Simmer them all down and you will find that most currency-reform plans contemplate the setting up of printing presses at some convenient place and churning out legal tender for the multitude. This was the situation Carter Glass tackled when the word came to him that the man in the White House is determined to have some measure of currency reform as a corollary to his tariff revision; so he and all concerned labored on a bill, which will be discussed in due time.

In one way Carter Glass is unique: he is an editor; and he has maintained a reasonable sense of perspective. So far as can be discovered he is the one financial expert, in a legislative way, who has not climbed trees and chattered from the branches. He seems to be taking it in a calm and dispassionate manner, and evinces no other desire than to do the best he can with a most vexatious and complex problem. He has been in constant consultation with men who ought to know the needs of the country in this direction, and he seems to be going about it in a rational and non-clamorous manner.

Glass runs two papers in Lynchburg—one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. He had his education in the schools of that vicinity, as he was born in the city where he lives, and went to the Virginia State Senate in 1899, continuing there until 1903. He was an effective member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1901 and 1902, and made a reputation there that brought him success when he contested for the seat in the Fifty-seventh Congress made vacant by the death of Representative Otey. He has been a member of Congress ever since, and was second man on the Banking and Currency Committee when the Democrats took it over two years ago, succeeding Representative Pujo this year as chairman.

Mr. Glass is a rather small, slight man, who talks with a Virginia accent and has not bestirred himself much in Congress until this opportunity came his way; and he has no intention of becoming fanatical over his job, which is a wise decision, for they will be talking about currency up there on the hill for many a long day before they get their regional reserves properly regioned, reserved and conserved.

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The Apple Electric Co.
4 Canal St., Dayton, O.

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 15

Or perhaps it is a gorge choked with the enormous redwoods, each individual tree with a trunk like the Washington Monument. And, if you are only as lucky as we were, up overhead, across the blue sky, will be drifting a hundred fleecy clouds, one behind the other, like woolly white sheep grazing upon the meadows of the firmament.

Everywhere the colors are splashed on with a barbaric, almost a theatrical, touch.

He Felt That He Was Properly Dressed for the Time, the Place and the Occasion

It's a regular backdrop of a country; its scenery looks as though it belonged on a stage—as though it should be painted on a curtain. You almost expect to see a chorus of comic-opera brigands or a bevy of stage milkmaids come trooping out of the wings any minute. Who was the libelous wretch who said that the flowers of Southern California had no perfume and the birds there had no song? Where we passed through tangled woods the odors distilled from the wild flowers by the sun's warmth were often almost suffocating in their sweetness; and in a yellow-flowered bush on the lawn at Coronado I came upon a mocking-bird singing in a way to make his brother minstrel of Mobile or Savannah feel like applying for admission to a school of expression and learning the singing business all over again.

At the end of the valley—top end or bottom end as the case may be—you come to a chain of lesser mountains, dropped down across your path like a trailing wing of the Indians' fabled thunder-bird, vainly trying to shut you out from the next valley. You climb the divide and run through the pass, with a brawling river upon one side and tall cliffs upon the other; and then all of a sudden the hills magically part and you are within sight—almost within touch—of the ocean; for in this favored land the mountains come right down to the sea and the sea comes right up to the mountains. It may be upon a tiny bay that you have emerged, with the meadows sloping straight to tidemark, and out beyond the wild fowl feeding by the kelp beds.

Or perhaps you have come out upon a ragged, rugged headland, crowned belike with a single wind-twisted tree, grotesquely suggesting a frizzled chicken; and down below, straight and sheer, are the rocks rising out of the water like the jaws of a mangle. Down there in that ginlike reef Neptune is forever washing out his shirt in a smother of foamy lather. And he has spilled his bluing pot too—else how could all the sea be so blue? On the outermost rocks the sea-lions have stretched themselves, looking like so many overgrown slugs; and they lie there and sun themselves and bellow—or, at least, I am told they do so on occasion. There was unfortunately no bellowing going on the day I was there.

The unearthly beauty of the whole thing overpowers you. The poet that lives in nearly every human soul rouses within you and you feel like withdrawing to yon dense grove or yon peaked promontory to commune with Nature. But be advised in season. Restrain yourself! Carefully refrain! Do not do so! Because out from under a rock somewhere will crawl a real-estate agent to ask you how you like the climate and then to take a dollar down from you as first payment on a fruit ranch, or a suburban lot, or a seaside villa—or something.

Climate did it and he can prove it. Only he doesn't have to prove it—you admit it. I have never seen the Mediterranean, but I have seen the cypresses below Del Monte, and I have seen the redwood grove in the cañon just below Harry Leon Wilson's place, down past Carmel-by-the-Sea. I have no burning yearning to see Naples and die, as the poet suggested. I would rather see Monterey Bay again on a bright March day and live!

And for all of this—for fruit, flowers and scenery, for real-estate agents, and for a race of the most persistent boosters under the sun—the climate is responsible. Climate advertised is responsible for the rush of travel from the East that sets in with the coming of winter and lasts until well into the following spring: and climate realized is responsible for the string of tourist hotels that dot the Coast all along from just below San Francisco to the Mexican border.

Both externally and internally the majority of these hotels are singularly alike. Mainly they are rambling frame structures done in a modified Spanish architecture, Late Spanish crossed on Early Peoria. The lobby is usually so large that, loafing there, you feel as though you were in the waiting room of the Grand Central Terminal; and the dining room is about the size of the state of Rhode Island; the sun parlor has windows all round, so as to give its occupants the aspect, when viewed from without, of being inmates of an aquarium; and a gorgeous tea room done in the style of a French Louis—Louis the Limit, I guess. There are some notable exceptions to the rule—some of the places have pleasing individualities of their own, but most of them were cut off the same pattern. Likewise the bulk of their winter patrons are cut off the same pattern.

The average Eastern tourist is a funny biped anyhow, and he is at his funniest out there in California. Living along the Eastern seaboard are a large number of well-to-do people who harken not to the slogan of See America First, because many of them cannot see America at any price; they can just barely recognize its existence as a suitable place for making money, but no place for spending it. What makes life worth living to them is the fact that Europe is distant only a four-day run by the four-day boat. It is known as a four-day boat because only four days are required for the run between Daunt's Rock and Ambrose Channel, which is a very convenient arrangement for deep-sea divers and long-distance swimmers desiring to get on at Daunt's Rock and get off in Ambrose Channel, but the journey is extended slightly for passengers who are not quite so amphibious.

These people constitute one breed of Eastern tourists. There is the other breed, who are willing to see America providing it is made over to conform with the accepted Eastern model. Those who can afford the expense go to Florida in the winter; but it

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Write for Booklets

Borden's Condensed Milk Company,
New York

Established 1857

"Leaders of Quality"

requires at least a million in small change to feel at home in that setting, and so a good many who haven't quite a million to spare, head for Southern California as the next best spot on the map. Arriving there, they endeavor to reproduce on as exact a scale as possible the life of the ultra fashionable Florida resorts: the result is what a burlesque manager would call a Number Two Palm Beach company playing the Western Wheel.

Up and down the Coast these tourists traipse for months on end, spending a week here and two weeks there, and doing the same things in the same way at each new stopping place. You meet them, part from them, and meet them again at the next stand, until the monotony of it grows maddening; and always they are intently following the routine you saw them following last week or the week before, or the week before that. They have traveled clear across the continent to practice such diversions as they might have had within two hours' ride of Philadelphia or New York; and they are going to practice them, too, or know the reason why.

Of course they are not all constituted this way; I am speaking now of the impression created in California by tourists in bulk. They decline to do the things for which this country is best adapted; they will not see the things for which it is most famous. Few of them take the roughing trips up into the mountains; fewer still visit the desert country. All about them the tremendous engineering contracts that have made this land a commercial Arabian Nights' Entertainment are being carried out—the mighty reclamation schemes; the irrigation projects; the damming up of cañons and the shoveling away of mountains—but your average group of Eastern tourists pass these by with dull and glazed eyes, their souls being bound up in the desire to reach the next hotel on the route with the least possible waste of time, and take up the routine where it was broken off at the last hotel.

They tennis and they golf, and some go horseback riding and some take drives; and at one or two places there is polo in the season. Likewise, in accordance with the rules laid down by the Palm Beach authorities, the women change clothes as often as possible during the course of the day; and in the evening all hands appear in full dress for dinner, the same being very wearing on men and very pleasing to women—that is, all of them do except a few obstinate persons who defy convention and remain comfortable. After dinner some of the younger people dance and some of the older ones play bridge; but the vast majority sit round—and then sit round some more and wonder whether eleven o'clock will ever come so they can go to bed!

A good many of them take the wrong kind of clothes out there with them. They have read in the advertisements that Southern California is a land of perpetual balm, where flowers bloom the year round; and they pack their trunks with the lightest and thinnest wearing apparel they own, which is a mistake. The natives know better than that. The all-wool sweater is the national garment of the Western Coast—both sexes and all ages go to it unanimously. Experience proves it the ideal thing to wear, in Southern California in the winter it is never really hot in the sun and it is often exceedingly cool in the shade. Besides, there is a sea wind that blows pretty regularly and which makes a specialty of working through the crannies in a silk shirt or a lingerie blouse. The chilliest, most pallid-looking things I ever saw in my life were a pair of white linen trousers I found in the top tray of my trunk when I reached the extreme lower end of California. I had to cover them under two blankets and a bedspread that night to keep the poor things from freezing stiff.

The medium-weight garments an Easterner wears between seasons are admirably suited for the West Coast in the winter; but the guileless tenderfoot who is making his first trip to California usually doesn't learn this until it is too late. If he is wise he studies out the situation on his arrival, and thereafter takes his overcoat with him when he goes riding and his sweater when he goes walking; but there are many others who will be summer boys and girls though they perish in the attempt.

At Coronado I witnessed a mighty pitiable sight. It was a cool day, cooler than ordinary even, with a stiff wind blowing skeiny shreds of sea fog in off the gray ocean; and a beating rain was falling at frequent intervals. The veranda was full of Easterners trying to look comfortable in summer clothes and not succeeding, while the road in front was dotted with Westerners, comfortable and cozy in their thick sweaters. There emerged upon the wind-swept porch a youth who would have been a sartorial credit to himself on a Florida beach in February or upon a Jersey boardwalk in August; but he did not coincide with the atmospheric scheme of things on a rainy March day down in Southern California.

To begin with, he was a spindly and fragile person, with a knobby forehead and a fade-away face. Dressed in close-fitting black and turned sidewise, with his profile to you, he would instantly suggest a neatly rolled umbrella with a plain bone handle. But he was not dressed in black; he was dressed in white—all white, like a bride or a bandaged thumb; white silk shirt; white flannel coat, with white pearl buttons spangled freely over it; white trousers; white Panama hat; white socks; white buckskin shoes, with white rubber soles on them. He was, as I said just now, all white except his face, which was a pinched, wan blue, and his nose, which was a suffused and chilly red. If my pencil had had an eraser on it I'm satisfied I could have backed him up against the wall and rubbed him right out; but he bore up splendidly.

It was plain he felt that he was properly dressed for the time, the place and the occasion; and to him that was ample compensation for his suffering. I heard afterward that he lost three sets of tennis and had a congestive chill—all in the course of the same afternoon.

The unconquerable determination of the Eastern tourist to have Southern California conform to his back-home standards is

You Discover That You Have Entered the Climate Belt

"HOME SWEET HOME"

Brought Back My Mother's Face to Me as I Played by *Instinct*

Experiences with the New Instinctive Playing. No. 10

"I SAT musing in the twilight, living again my youth, reviving hopes that once had flamed within me—thinking, with a soft regret, of the long ago.

"If I could clear away the mists of time, could see the friendly faces of far, far youth!

"Something prompted me to open my Virtuolo Player Piano. Something said to put in 'Home Sweet Home'. I closed my eyes. I touched the simple time-lever and the Acsolo buttons that make the soft and strong effects. Instinctively I played.

"I saw my home, humble, but, oh, how hallowed in my mind!

"My *mother's face* came through the veil of years. I saw the child I was, stretched in the fireside glow—!

"'*Home, home, sweet, sweet home!*'"

"I breathed the words, unconscious of the instrument. My soul seemed freed. Sweet strings were obedient to the melody within me. The keyboard was my slave—

"How *grand* it is to set the years aside through music, when you can play by instinct!"

* * *

What wonderful perspectives Music can open to you when you can *forget fingers* and play instinctively! Sunshine, laughter, happy gaiety, deepest tenderness, thrilling emotion—all may be yours, though you have never played a note. The

HALLET & DAVIS

VIRTUOLO

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

is made for you to express your feelings on—to respond to every mood and fancy. The secret lies in its four wonderful expression buttons. By pressing one, you can bring out the air from its accompaniment; by pressing others you can make the music as soft or strong as you wish. And this is all which even the greatest musicians accomplish in music.

You can own a Virtuolo for as little as $450—the *new Princess Virtuolo*—or as much as $1050—the magnificent Art Style Hallet & Davis Virtuolo. And you can have it to play and enjoy *all the time you're saving to pay for it.* Call at the store of our representative in your locality—we'll send you his address—and examine especially the handsome new Style 60 Conway Virtuolo. Study its handsome, chastely designed mahogany case. Look at its strong, durable action. Listen to its sweet, full tone. Then hear its Instinctive Playing! Why, you will be *astounded* that its price is only $550, and that monthly payments as low as $12 will secure it in your home.

Send us the attached coupon and we will see that you have a chance to examine this new instrument. We will also send you facts and figures about the Virtuolo and Instinctive Playing, which you *need* if you're thinking of buying a player piano—now or later.

And the best way to be sure of getting this information is to fill out the coupon now—before you lay aside this weekly

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1839)

Boston New York Newark Toledo Atlanta Chicago San Francisco

COUPON

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY, Dept. 41, 146 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Send me full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Plan, including Prices, and Plates of Different Styles.

Name

Address

IT was a new and startling idea to pack an -80 CENT-tobacco in a 5 Cent tin—just HALF the size of the ordinary tin.

Why did we do it?

Because the 5 Cent tin holds just enough tobacco to keep FRESH until it is smoked.

In The Handy 5¢ TIN

You don't buy your tobacco cheaper. But you buy the RIGHT AMOUNT at a time.

That simple idea has SOLVED the vexed problem of fresh tobacco in a handy pocket package.

Stag is something more than one of the world's finest tobaccos. Its FRAGRANCE is the most delightful thing in the whole history of smoking. No other tobacco has it, or can have it.

A single tin of Stag will show any smoker what he has been missing.

Sold only in 5 Cent tins and 90 Cent pound glass humidor jars.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

responsible for the fact that most of the tourist hotels out there are not so typical of the West as they might be—and as in my humble judgment they should be—but are as Eastern as it is possible to make them—Eastern in cuisine, in charges and in their operating schedules. Here, again, there are some notable exceptions, but not many; and generally the net profit and loss result is that until you get out from under the roof of your hotel you might just as well be stopping at a New York hotel—one of the most expensive New York hotels at that!

And if You Don't Cross Them With Silver You Would Do Well to Try Camping Out

In the supposedly wilder sections of the West, lying between the Rockies and the Sierras, the situation is different. It is notably different in Arizona and New Mexico in the South, and in Utah, Montana and Wyoming in the North. There the person who serves you for hire is neither your menial nor your superior; whereas in the East he or she is nearly always one or the other, and sometimes both at once. This particular type of Westerner doesn't patronize you; neither does he cringe to you in expectation of a tip. He gives you the best he has in stock, meanwhile retaining his own self-respect and expecting you to do the same. He ennobles and dignifies personal service.

Out on the Coast, however or at least at most of the better-known hotels out on the Coast—the system, thanks to Eastern influence, has been changed. The whole scheme is patterned after the accepted New York model.

The charges for small services are as exorbitant as in New York and the iniquities of the tipping system are worked out as amply and as wickedly as in the city where they originated.

Somebody with a taste for statistics figured it out once that if a man owned a three-dollar hat and wore it for two months, lunching every day at a New York café, and if he dined four nights a week at a New York restaurant and attended the theater twice a week, his hat at the end of those two months would cost him in tips eighteen dollars and seventy cents! No, on second thought, I guess it was a pair of earmuffs that would have cost him eighteen seventy.

A hat would have been more.

It would be more in Southern California—I'm sure of that. There the tipping habit is made more expensive by reason of the prevalent spirit of Western generosity. The born Westerner never has got used to dimes and nickels. To him quarters are still chicken-feed and half dollars are small change. So the tips are just as numerous as in New York and for the same service they are frequently larger.

A lot has been said and written about the marvelous palms of Lower California and a lot more might be said—for they are outstretched everywhere; and if you don't cross them with silver at frequent intervals you would do well to try camping out for a change.

Likewise a cursory glance at the prices on most of the menus is calculated to make a New Yorker homesick—they're so familiarly and unreasonably steep. And in the main the dishes you get aren't typical of the country; they are—thanks again be to the Easterner—mostly transplanted imitations of the Broadway and the Fifth Avenue chefs.

There are compensations though. There are some hotels that are operated on admirably different lines, and there are abundant opportunities for escaping altogether from hotel life and seeing this Land of the Living Backdrop where it is untainted and unspoiled; where the hills are clothed in green and yellow; where little Spanish-looking towns nestle below the Missions, and the mockingbirds sing, and the real-estate boomer clarions his booming note. And don't forget the climate! But that is unnecessary advice. You won't have a chance to forget it—not for a minute you won't!

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue

The Whole Truth

AL JENNINGS is one of the leading lawyers of Oklahoma, and is prominent in politics; but years ago, in his youth, a succession of events conspired to make him an outlaw. He held up trains, robbed banks, fought off posses—and finally, being captured, was sentenced to imprisonment. President McKinley pardoned him and he went straight back to his home state and proceeded to make good. He never pretends to deceive anybody about his past life.

This spring Jennings traveled to New York on business. While there he visited the office of a certain large insurance company, the theory being that he was to take out a policy on his life. A fussy little physician with a Vandyke beard and large eye glasses conducted the medical examination. Jennings, who is a small, mild-appearing man, with a gentle blue eye and a chronic smile, answered various questions touching on his ancestry and his habits.

"Have you any wounds upon your person?" he was finally asked.

"Yes," said Jennings—"four."

"What sort of wounds are they?"

"They are gunshot wounds," said Jennings cheerfully.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the doctor, "but you are hardly old enough to have taken part in the Civil War?"

"I wasn't born until the close of the war," said Jennings. "I got these wounds through being shot by deputy marshals and sheriffs down in Texas and Oklahoma a good many years ago."

"Oh," said the doctor, and he got up and closed the door. He hesitated a moment and then asked his next question:

"Have you ever had any serious illness.

"Yes," said Jennings; "I once suffered from stomach trouble—nervous indigestion, I believe they called it.

"Ahem!" said the medical man. "Have you any idea what caused this attack?"

"Oh, yes," said Jennings. "It was caused by bad food in a Federal penitentiary, where I was serving a life sentence."

The doctor swallowed hard once or twice and then told Jennings he didn't believe there were any more questions to be asked. The last Jennings saw of him he was seated at his desk, fanning himself violently.

Out From Under a Rock Somewhere Will Crawl a Real-Estate Agent

Pages of the book ran through the press 18 times—showing Tokyo's extraordinary printing capacity.

This Book a *Mile Stone* In Paper-Making Progress

IF WE could only turn over its leaves for you here, and show its page after page of rich color effects—delicate halftones and tints—brand new "stunts" in printing, etc.—then you would actually realize what a great Progressive step in paper-making is this new, dead-flat, fast printing Tokyo Bond.

This is the first book of its kind—a handsome book printed in a multiplicity of colors, by halftone process, on *aristocratic correspondence bond paper.*

But it will not long be the *only* book of its kind. For business men—users of printed matter—everywhere, are beginning to know the possibilities of the new Tokyo Bond. We will be able later to show more new beautiful examples of Tokyo printing—not only letter-heads, certificates, announcements, etc., but booklets, folders, inserts, art pictures, handsomely printed in *halftones* on crisp "bankish" Tokyo Bond.

Perhaps a job of *yours* will be among them. Investigate Tokyo Bond now.

This book is proof itself of Tokyo's *dead flatness*—by the fact that it was used in *full sized* sheets on the swift-running offset press. This is a *guarantee* of Tokyo's success on ordinary presses. It tells in interesting detail how

TOKYO BOND

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instead of being "ironed" to *look* and *seem* flat. Explains *why* Tokyo will run through swiftest presses without hitch or delay. Gives particulars of our offer to have you *test Tokyo at our expense.*

Write us today on your business letterhead for a free copy of "The Discovery of Tokyo Bond."

This *expensive* book is intended for business men and actual users of printed matter. We will be glad, however, to supply copies to school principals who wish to demonstrate to pupils the progress of paper-making and printing art.

Crocker-McElwain Co.
128 Cabot Street, Holyoke, Mass.

TOKYO BOND

Look For This Water Mark

THE BUSINESS END OF BASEBALL

(Concluded from Page 17)

season's work—is paid to go to school! The next year he receives a like amount for taking part in ten games. Then, if he shows promise, he may be given a chance to pitch part of a game once every ten days and now and then put in to start a game, for which he is paid twenty-one hundred dollars. Still there is the chance that he may prove unequal to the pace in fast company. But, in any event, has not the club some moral right to the first call on his services? I think so.

What is true of pitchers is true to a certain degree of all players. Take the splendid infield of the Philadelphia Athletics. One man—Baker, who plays third—alone jumped into the game practically as soon as he had signed a contract and played regularly. Barry, the shortstop, was carried and coached two years before he was given a regular position, during which time he was paid at the rate of twenty-four hundred dollars a season. Collins was drilled for two years also; was rejected as a shortstop and developed into a second baseman; and was paid twenty-four hundred dollars a year while a place was being found for him and he was being trained to fill that place. McInnis was signed to play at short or as a substitute infielder. No one thought of him as a first baseman—much less did he think of playing the position himself; but Mack had the hunch to try the youngster out in that difficult place, and after long and patient coaching, in which the regular man, Harry Davis, aided to the best of his ability, McInnis was transformed into a first baseman. This making of McInnis covered a period of from four to five years, and his salary for the period when he was learning to play major-league ball averaged two thousand dollars a season! Should not Mack have an option on the services of these men? Who can doubt it?

Even under the reserve rule players cannot be treated unjustly if the proper remedy is sought. As players advance in their profession it is compulsory that their salaries shall be increased. A discontented ballplayer is of little use to a club; and, as a winning team is the first thought and desire of every manager, it is essential that every man should do his level best. Besides, a discontented player tends to work discord in a team, and where there is not concord there is no chance for success. I challenge a comparison with any other line of employment in the matter of contentment among the workers. I believe that fully ninety per cent of the players in the major leagues are reasonably contented with their situations. This does not mean that they are not ambitious or that they would not like to improve their economic welfare; but they realize that their baseball ability is reaping its just reward in the big market.

A Square Deal for Players

There may have been and probably are individual instances of injustice, because there are those identified with the ownership of ball clubs who are not imbued with the spirit and pride to conserve the good name of the sport. In any other field of endeavor these would be called the exceptions that prove the rule. Some of them, moreover, could have been remedied if appeal had been taken to the proper source.

There are many compensations. The player is paid seventy-five per cent of his salary for his services on the field, and twenty-five per cent for an option on those services for the ensuing year. The player's salary is guaranteed him under the terms of his contract. Pitcher Coombs, of the Philadelphia American League team, pitched only a few innings this season before he was compelled to go to a hospital. He may not be able to render any further service to his club this year. Nevertheless, his salary has been and will be paid in full. Coombs was practically idle the greater part of a previous season, acting as scout occasionally while recovering from a lame arm; but he was paid his regular salary. This is but one of many instances of the kind that could be related.

Slightly different was the case of Catcher Sullivan, of the Chicago Americans. He went to the hospital with a serious case of appendicitis in 1906 and was incapacitated for nearly half the season. The trouble was not due to an accident or injury received in the game. However his salary was paid in full, without question.

I have in mind the treatment accorded a player in the American League whose salary was up in the thousands. Not only did he do his full share of work but he performed services beyond what could have been expected of him. He was given, at the season's close, a bonus of three thousand dollars for his loyalty to the club.

In former years there was no assurance to a player when he signed a contract, particularly with a smaller league, that he would not lose part of it—either through insufficient financing of the team or through the breaking up of his league. Today that insecurity of employment has been reduced to a minimum. The player whose salary is more than two weeks in arrears need only make that fact known to the proper officials in order to obtain redress. If his league goes to the wall all unpaid salaries must be liquidated before the league can be resuscitated.

Many cases of supposed injustice to players are imaginary. There will always be the disgruntled ballplayer, just as one will meet the kicker in any walk of life. Give two men shovels—identically the same kind of shovels—and send them out to grade a road. One of them will kick because the other—he claims—has the softer part of the job. So with two pitchers: One will pitch his arm off, if you don't watch him; the other will soldier, claiming that "the breaks" are against him—and, anyhow, "the team doesn't give him proper support."

Connie Mack on Big Money

Most cases of real injustice could be remedied if the player would appeal to the proper authorities and make known all the facts in the case. The National Commission, composed of the presidents of the American and National Leagues, with the owner of the Cincinnati Club, Mr. Herrmann, as chairman, is in frequent receipt of appeals of this nature.

The commission obtains the great mass of its evidence by mail and is bound to render its decisions on the strength of the evidence presented to it. Personal investigation of cases as widely separated as the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, the Hudson Bay district and the Gulf of Mexico, is altogether too expensive a proposition to undertake. In this connection the Players' Fraternity has a field of much usefulness.

The National Agreement for the government of professional baseball, entered into by and between the two major leagues and the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues—or the minors, as they are popularly called—recites the purposes and aims of the compact. Let me repeat for the benefit of the general public these, the basic principles of organized baseball:

Perpetuation of baseball as the national pastime of America, by surrounding it with such safeguards as will warrant absolute public confidence in its integrity and its methods, and by maintaining a high standard of skill and sportsmanship in its players.

Protection of the property rights of those engaged in baseball as a business, without sacrificing the spirit of competition in the conduct of clubs.

Promotion of the welfare of ballplayers as a class by developing and perfecting them in their profession and enabling them to secure adequate compensation for expertness.

It is my sincere belief that we who administer the agreement are striving to uphold these principles with fairness to the ballplayer and without favor to the club-owner.

One final word on the business end of baseball: Popular belief in the big money to be made out of the sport overlooks the heavy investments required nowadays to stage a game of professional ball. The Philadelphia Athletics, though World's Champions and contenders for the American League pennant during the greater part of the season of 1912, earned only two per cent on the club's investment. In the business of manufacturing clothing or shoes that would not be considered a fair profit. It is as Connie Mack remarked: "There is this about that big money you're supposed to make—you don't make it!"

THE APPLE ELECTRIC COMPANY
IGNITION LIGHTING STARTING SIGNALING
APLCO
DAYTON OHIO U.S.A.

You can bring your motor car or boat up to date quickly, easily, inexpensively by having it equipped now with

Aplco Electric Lights

"The right way to light the way"

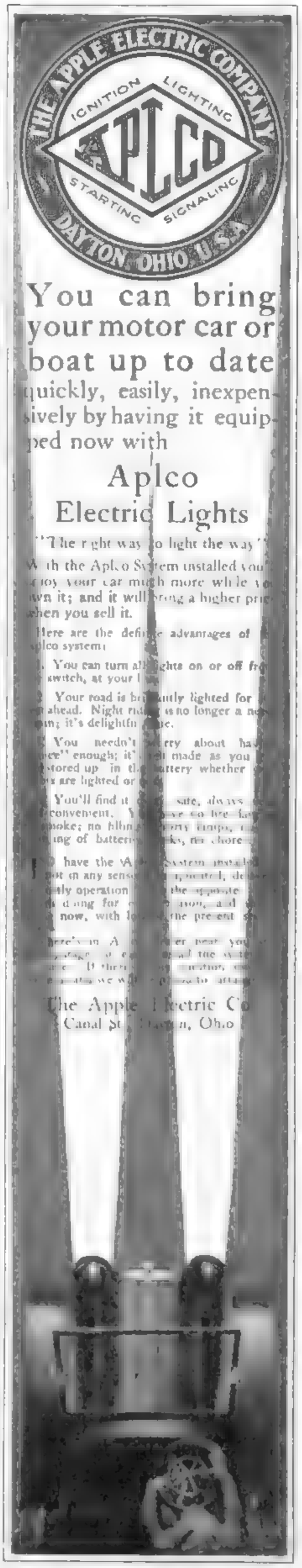
With the Aplco System installed you enjoy your car much more while you own it; and it will bring a higher price when you sell it.

Here are the definite advantages of Aplco system:

1. You can turn all lights on or off from switch, at your left hand.
2. Your road is brilliantly lighted for miles ahead. Night riding is no longer a necessity; it's delightful pleasure.
3. You needn't worry about having "power" enough; it's always made as you need it, stored up in the battery whether your lights are lighted or not.
4. You'll find it safe, always convenient. You have no live flame to spoke; no filling of [illegible] ing of batteries [illegible] ke, no chore.
5. You have the Aplco System installed and it is not in any sense a mechanical device. Entirely operation [illegible] the opposite [illegible] doing for [illegible] now, with [illegible] the present [illegible]

[illegible] in Aplco [illegible] your [illegible] [illegible] there [illegible] we will [illegible]

The Apple Electric Co.
[illegible] Canal St. [illegible]n, Ohio



Signs of the Time

"OF the articles advertised in your current issue, our store has fifty-three in stock," wrote a prominent Massachusetts department-store manager.

He happened to be referring to *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The same statement, however, might have applied to any other leading publication.

It is not remarkable that this merchant had so many advertised lines on his shelves. Many could say the same. The significant point is that this merchant took the time and trouble to count, to check up his stocks by the advertising appearing in well known publications. He is using these advertising mediums as guides to assist him in his buying, because experience has taught him that his customers use them as *their* guides in buying. There is a suggestion there for other retailers.

Another case in point:

A manufacturer of children's shoes recently published his first advertisement—occupying two inches. Within 30 days he had received, among 500 inquiries, 15 letters from shoe dealers who wanted to carry his line of shoes. Why? Because they saw a chance to make their stores more worthy the trade of their communities.

Merchants who observe the signs of the time are daily more eager to identify themselves with nationally known goods of quality.

And consumers may feel assured that in the stores of such merchants they will find, not only guaranteed, standard merchandise, but a wholesome spirit of progressiveness in all dealings.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 7)

body does. He soon learned that the government of the city, aside from the committees in the House and Senate, is vested in a commission of three men, appointed by the president, one of whom is a Republican, one a Democrat, and the third an officer of the engineer corps of the army, who has charge of all the engineering projects in the District of Columbia.

He also learned that as there is little manufacturing in Washington and not a great deal of wholesale trade, the chief industry of most of the citizens is dealing in real estate, and he became early aware that the real-estate dealers, who were in cliques, headed by various banking interests largely, were exceedingly active in promoting their particular schemes. They all had property they wanted to sell to the Government for parks, all had property through which streets must be opened, they said, in order to accommodate the growth of the city and, incidentally—although they never said this—their subdivisions. The public-utilities men had plans for extensions of lines and renewal and relaxing of charters, and he soon thought that every citizen of the district who owned any property or hoped to own any or had any other ax to grind, wanted the District of Columbia Committee to legislate for his individual benefit.

Nor was he long in finding out that a representative in Congress is, for the most part, merely a sublimated errand boy for his constituents. He had a large mail, and it seemed to him as if every person in his district, who by any possibility could have voted for him, wanted a postmastership, a rural-free-delivery carrier appointed, or some task for him to do at one of the departments or some favor to be granted or arranged for. He spent a good deal of his time running from one department to another, interviewing chiefs of bureaus, assistant secretaries, and occasionally talking with the secretaries themselves. He went a good many times to the White House, where the president always received him cordially, recalling his first visit with McManus, and usually gave him what he wanted.

He found out about the seed distribution and the document distribution, and early learned the efficacy of well-placed seeds and public documents as vote-holders. He answered every letter, ran every errand, worked conscientiously in his committee, where his good knowledge of the law was soon appreciated and where there was no disposition on the part of the other members to deprive him of all the work he would do. He met many of the leading men of Washington, bankers, business men, real-estate dealers and professional men, and cultivated acquaintance in the House among the other members. No big question, aside from the shaping of the appropriation bills, was up, but he always voted right when there was a vote, and he went in to see the speaker often and grew to like that forceful, unconventional person. He was a busy man.

The House was in the doldrums. Marsh attended the sessions regularly, studied parliamentary practice and precedent, listened to the speeches but did not seek recognition for himself, although the speaker had told him that if he had a speech in his system he would recognize him at some opportune time.

"Keep quiet," advised some of the older members with whom he had become friendly. "Don't say anything until there is something worth while to say. Don't get a reputation as a windjammer."

He felt one or two speeches boiling in him, but after he had examined his symptoms carefully he concluded that what he thought was boiling was merely a simmer, and so he refrained. He learned that Senator Paxton was right when he said a new member of the House is of no consequence to himself or to any one else except as a voting unit, and he cultivated the senator and listened to him attentively and acted on his advice.

Mrs. Marsh continued her social campaign. She made her congressional and senatorial calls religiously, clubbing with other women for a carriage and rushing from house to house and from apartment to apartment on the appointed days. She was worried about her clothes. They were as good as the gowns of any of the ladies in the Bruxton, but when she went to other places she felt there was something about them that stamped them as unmistakably homemade when viewed alongside the dresses of the women who had been in Washington longer than she had.

One afternoon she went to a reception given by the wife of a bureau chief in one of the departments. It was a pretentious affair. The hostess lived in a big apartment house, and that apartment house had a broad sweep of lobby on the ground floor, with near-onyx pillars that looked as if they were made of soap and much gaudy ornamentation. The reception was held in this lobby. There was a wealth of flowers, a tea table, a punch bowl, and the servants were experienced men, sent by the city's foremost caterer, who knew just how things should be done. Receiving with this hostess there were fifteen or twenty women, wives of representatives, the wife of one of the senators from the home state of the hostess, and the wives of several important bureau heads, together with the wife of an assistant secretary or two. There was a small orchestra that played behind a bank of palms. It was a smart function.

That night Mrs. Marsh spoke about it to her husband. "I don't see how she does it," Mrs. Marsh said. "Her husband is only a bureau chief and doesn't get more than five thousand dollars a year. It must cost a lot to live in that apartment house and they have two daughters in school. Besides, I hear they have no private income."

"It's beyond me," said Marsh.

Mrs. Marsh pursued the subject further. She asked Mrs. Brayton, who had been in Washington for eight years, how this woman, and many other women like her, could afford such splurges.

"It's simple enough," replied Mrs. Brayton. "She gives only one of these in a season, or at most two. I don't know what they cost, but I suppose a couple of hundred dollars each, maybe more, for the embroideries of life are expensive in Washington. But if you could see how they live when they are not on dress-parade you wouldn't ask. All their comfort and all their pleasure are sacrificed for these exhibitions. If you were to go upstairs to her apartment you would find it is very small. You would find a gas plate in the bathroom, where they get breakfasts. You would see the husband going out every morning to bring back a few rolls or something in a paper bag. You would see that the wife wears a kimono all day and has but two smart gowns, but that these are very smart.

"You would see that she and her husband economize in every possible way, that they scrimp and eat their meals at a cheap boarding house, and actually turn off the electric light and sit in the dark to save as much as they can. When you make your party call and go up to her apartment you will find that everything has been tucked away, hidden behind screens, to give an idea of spaciousness that doesn't exist. You will see the beds are sofa beds and look like lounges on these occasions, and you will observe that the husband's clothes are shiny and that he is always in the background. The hardships they endure to make these displays are positively sickening; but she is socially ambitious—a climber—and she will stop at nothing in the way of hidden discomforts for herself and her husband in order that she may appear radiant and successful on the days she makes her splurge. They will eat dry rolls for breakfast for a week so that she may have a carriage on the day she goes out to peddle her pasteboards."

"Peddle her pasteboards?" repeated Mrs. Marsh.

"Yes, drive about and leave her cards on people she has never seen and who have never seen her, but whom she hopes to see, or even have at one of her affairs if assiduous cultivation will bring it about."

"Are there many women like that in Washington?"

"Dozens, my dear; scores of them. And do not think they are all in the official class either. Some of the people who live in the biggest houses and have the most exclusive connections are so hard up, in reality, that they resort to the pettiest economies and use all sorts of subterfuges to get money for their shows. If you could look over the books of the tradesmen of this city you would see what I mean."

A few days later Mrs. Paxton, wife of the senator, called on Mrs. Marsh.

"Let me go up to your rooms," she said. "I want to have a quiet chat with you."

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Mrs. Paxton was a gracious, cultured, stylish woman of fifty-five. She gowned herself with much distinction. She had been in Washington for many years and was a leader in the most exclusive official set, besides being a guest at the biggest houses of resident and ambassadorial society.

She sat down in the room the Marshes used as a parlor. It was a room of good size with an alcove. There was a bath adjoining and another bedroom. Mrs. Paxton removed her gloves and settled herself comfortably.

"You are planning to have a house of your own one of these days, I suppose?" she remarked.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Marsh replied. "We came here temporarily, so that we could make sure before we took a lease."

Mrs. Paxton smiled innocently. She knew why the Marshes were at the Bruxton.

"Still," continued Mrs. Paxton, "one can be very comfortable in a hotel. You are quite cozy and homelike here."

Mrs. Marsh had rearranged the furniture, added a few of her own possessions and a picture or two. The rooms were attractive.

"But," continued Mrs. Paxton vivaciously, "I didn't come here to talk about houses or hotels. I have something far more important than that to say. You know the senator and I are interested in you and your husband?"

Mrs. Marsh murmured her gratitude.

"Well, I am giving a reception at my home three weeks from Thursday and I want you to come and help me receive."

Mrs. Marsh's heart beat rapidly. To help the distinguished and fashionable Mrs. Paxton receive was a big step forward!

"Of course," continued Mrs. Paxton, "it is a state day reception, you know, when Mrs. Rogers, the wife of my husband's colleague, and myself receive all the people from our state who care to come, and the other congressional ladies from the state will be in the line too."

Mrs. Marsh tried not to show her disappointment in her face, but didn't succeed very well. The astute Mrs. Paxton noticed her expression of dismay.

"It is one of those political-social functions we have to give every year. I assure you you have no idea how much we congressional wives can do socially to aid our husbands. And I know you will be of very great assistance to Mr. Marsh and that you will be a great success socially. Later in the season I shall be giving more exclusive affairs, and I shall count on you to assist me."

Mrs. Marsh became radiant again. She promised to come to the state reception, and they chatted on various topics for a few minutes. Then Mrs. Marsh plunged into what was dearest her heart. "By the way, Mrs. Paxton," she said, "can you direct me to a good dressmaker here?"

Mrs. Paxton looked quickly at her. "Why," she replied, "I know several. What sort of a gown are you planning?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. I need several. You see ——" She hesitated.

"Yes!" Mrs. Paxton was very sympathetic.

"Oh," confessed Mrs. Marsh, "the wardrobe I brought with me doesn't seem to be right. My dresses are of good material and were made by our best woman, but they lack something. They are too elaborate."

Mrs. Paxton smiled indulgently. "I know exactly how you feel," she said kindly. "I know how you had your gowns made from the very latest fashion books from Paris and New York, but I know also the ways of the country dressmaker and what she does with the book design. For political reasons I still have a few gowns made out home, but"—she shuddered—"I never wear them here. Maybe I can help you."

She talked so wisely and so frankly that Mrs. Marsh was completely won to her, and went to her closets and brought out her entire wardrobe. The elder woman discussed the dresses with her, pointing out their deficiencies, suggesting certain alterations, all in the line of simplicity, and the elimination of the choicest decorative creations of the home artiste, advising new gowns of certain kinds, speaking illuminatingly of the trend of the styles, of what the best-dressed women were wearing, and discussing the art of dress in all its phases and particularly in its Washington phase.

They planned some new gowns, three in number, for a beginning. There was to be a street dress, tailored, and a tailored calling dress, a little more elaborate than the plain street one. Then there was to be a gown suitable for the afternoon, with a removable guimpe, so that it could be made into an evening gown by a feminine miracle which apparently they both understood.

Mrs. Paxton introduced the subject of price discreetly. She told Mrs. Marsh that the street gown would cost her about eighty-five dollars at a good tailor's, the more elaborate tailored gown about one hundred and fifteen dollars, and the other gown a hundred dollars. Three hundred dollars would start Mrs. Marsh on the road to correct gowning, and she gave her the names of a tailor and a dressmaker who, on Mrs. Paxton's introduction, would be of good service. Mrs. Marsh absorbed the information.

When Marsh came home to dinner she introduced the subject of new gowns diplomatically.

"Jim," she began, "I think you should have a new dress-suit."

"Pshaw!" said Marsh, "I don't need one. The one I've got is good enough. I've only had it four years."

"Well," continued Mrs. Marsh decisively, "I think you should have a new one. I notice the best-dressed men wear evening clothes that fit better than yours do, and have a newer cut and seem much handsomer. You know, Jim," she said, coming over to him and putting her arms about his neck, "I don't want to see my big, handsome husband wearing evening clothes that look shabby and out-of-date beside those of other men."

"Oh, well," answered Marsh, "I guess these will do for a while yet. Besides, Molly, if I wait until I get home I can get a new suit forty or fifty dollars cheaper than I can get one here or in New York."

"That's just it! If you go out to that country tailor you'll get another of those horrible, ill-fitting affairs."

"Country tailor!" exclaimed Marsh. "Why Bannard has been making my clothes for years! Since when did you get so uppish about country tailors? That dressmaker of yours certainly turned you out in good style."

"She didn't, Jim," protested Mrs. Marsh. "I haven't a single dress that is fit to wear. They don't fit and they are all fussed up with concoctions she invented out of her own head, I guess, that I once thought were fine, and that I now know are merely things to laugh at. My dresses shriek 'homemade.' There isn't a bit of style or distinction about them. I've got to have some new ones, and most of the old ones must be made over."

Marsh looked grave. "Molly," he said, "I wouldn't go in for much of that if I were you. It is costing a heap to live here. You know we pay two hundred dollars a month for these rooms and our food, and that doesn't leave much out of what I get for other things. It's almost half of my salary. Besides, I've got to run again this fall, and I need all I can get for that, and there's not much coming in from the office. Can't you wait?"

"No, I can't," pouted Mrs. Marsh. "Mrs. Senator Paxton was here today, and she very kindly pointed out to me what I should do to be well-dressed."

"Darn Mrs. Senator Paxton!" exclaimed Marsh.

"She was doing it for our good, yours as well as mine," protested Mrs. Marsh. "I have my social way to make here and I want to keep you in your career, and the first thing I must do is to be well-dressed. I've simply got to have some new clothes."

"How much will it cost?"

"I don't know yet."

Marsh was silent for a few moments. "Well, be as easy on me as you can, Molly," he finally said.

A few days later Marsh came home in high spirits. "Don't worry about those clothes of yours, Molly," he said. "I'm going to make some money outside of my salary."

She rushed over to him and put her arms about him. "Jim," she whispered, "you are a dear! How are you going to make it?"

"One of the men I know up at the House gave me a tip on the stock market. I've bought three hundred shares and margined it five points. It took fifteen hundred dollars, about all I had in the bank, but I'll have a lot in a few days. It's going up sure."

Mrs. Marsh didn't understand what he was talking about, but she accepted his assurances that he would make some money. The next day she ordered two suits of Mrs. Paxton's tailor and a gown from the fashionable dressmaker.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PETEY SIMMONS' CONFESSION

Continued from Page 4

us, and how they hoped we'd surely join the Shi Deltas, which was something or other—where we were now going, they said.

My! My! How hot my ears get now as I remember how these girls hung on my words and admired me! Delilah was tongue-tied beside them. By the time we got to what they called the Shi Delta House I was in a haze of pleasure and we were such old friends that Bugs and I had promised to go downtown the next day and have our photographs taken to exchange with them.

Something like a dozen fellows came running down the walk and greeted us with cheers. "Here are two more, boys!" said the girls. Then they introduced us all round and told them of the joke we had played on Briggs, and I never saw a crowd appreciate a joke so. They could not get over it! The girls bade us a lingering good-by, and we promised them right there that if the Shi Deltas wanted us to join their boarding club or rent a room in their house we would patronize them if we had to sell our banjos to do it.

The Shi Deltas listened to the story of our adventures with great interest. We were lucky to get there, they said, for new students were frequently grabbed and taken off to inferior boarding houses, where they were literally held prisoners. They thought we had better stay right in the house until the next day, when they would take us down to college and protect us while we registered and took our exams. We agreed with them, and they gave us a big room and made things so pleasant that, honestly, if those two Senior girls had come back with the surrey and had asked us to go driving with them we would have wavered between attractions.

After dinner we all went into the big loafing room and smoked our pipes; and one of the Shi Deltas sat down at the piano, and the crowd sang jolly songs about how if you could not be a Shi Delta you had better lie down and let a river run over you. It made the gooseflesh come all over me when they grasped hands and leaned into the harmonies together.

One of the older men, who was sitting in a corner with us, began telling all about the Shi Delta—how great men had belonged to it in college for hundreds of years or so; and how they had owed their rise to its teachings; and how railroad presidents and steel magnates and senators sent their sons to college to become Shi Deltas—and pined away and would not eat if the Shi Deltas would not have them. He kept on talking in a low, brotherly sort of way, and the fellows kept on singing; and pretty soon I got so crazy to join the club that I was just about to tell him that he could go ahead and take my application when the lights went out and there was a big explosion and a lot of smoke, and somebody yelled Fire!

In a minute the house was full of smoke and a panic was in full bloom. While most of the boys rushed upstairs for their belongings, the rest of us grabbed the piano and waltzed it outside into the mob which had collected. Bugs and I were just going back for the hall clock when a young fellow grabbed us.

"Say, boys," he whispered, "you'll have to beat it! Don't you know they don't allow Freshmen on the streets the first three nights? No excuse goes! Twenty dollars fine to the college! We'll have to duck through the yard over to a house I know, where they'll take us in. They'll have things all right over here in the morning."

We wanted to stay and see the fire, but twenty dollars looked like lots of money. I never saw such a place for rules anyway! We dodged through the yard very carefully and once or twice I heard some one call our names. But the young fellow, who was just as thoughtful as the rest of them, showed us where to hide; and we got through a hole in the back fence and across the alley without being seen. After we had sneaked through about a dozen yards and across a street, we came to a big, fine house; we were all out of breath and my friend heaved a sigh of relief. So did we. To tell the truth we were getting discouraged. To be buncoed, burned out and chased through a mile of alleys in two hours was more than our nerves were hardened to endure.

There were twenty or more boys sitting round in the house, and the way they made us feel at home was wonderful! It almost seemed as if they had been expecting us. They were the Fly Gammas, they said, and we were welcome to stay with them as long as we liked. They let us right into all the fun and we had two or three rough but jolly games; and presently Bugs and I had gotten over being homesick for the Shi Deltas, and did not care whether they ever came after us or not. After a while a couple of the boys got to talking to us about the Fly Gammas, and how at one time any man with a Fly Gamma badge could have walked right into the White House and borrowed a dollar from the president, who was his brother; and how the Fly Gammas at Siwash were so much better than the other crowds that they were ashamed of themselves for it; and how, by being a Fly Gamma, one could easily become president of his Freshman class, and had more than an even chance of going to Congress.

It was wonderful to think that an organization so great that only the very swellest men—the pick of the best families all over the land—wore its badge should condescend to notice us; and the idea of walking round the United States for the rest of my life with the Fly Gamma badge on my vest, and having senators and governors and magnates and haughty young ladies finger it and exclaim over it and try to cultivate my friendship, had me catching my breath. We forgot all about the Shi Deltas; and we were just teetering up and down on the seat waiting to be asked to join when there was a ring at the door, and a minute later a policeman came in.

"I want Peter E. Simmons and Simon Wilbur for fighting!" he said.

Bugs and I turned three shades lighter than chalk, and you should have heard those boys brace up to the officer. I never heard any one talk so fearlessly to the law as they did. They denounced and threatened, and then they pleaded; but he was firm.

"I'm sorry for you, young men," he said to us; "but you were mixed up in that row at the station this evening and the chief wants to see you. Come along quietly and you'll probably get off easily. No, you don't!" he said to several of the boys who were crowding out with us. "This bailing-out business by students doesn't go any more. If you want to help the boys call up the president of the college. Chief says he'll only accept bail from him after this. And you can stay right here—I don't want any procession trailing after me."

I went out of the door so full of horror that I would have traded the rest of life for a nice mossy grave, with a good reputation on the tombstone above it. Here I was, Petey Simmons, pride of his high school and joy of his parents, a criminal on the evening of his first day at college! Why did I ever leave home? Why could not some kindly fate transform me into a little yellow dog so that I might live happily and contentedly in a woodshed for a few brief years and then pass on into peaceful oblivion?

Bugs took it harder, if anything. He was better than I was anyway. He went to Sunday-school regularly at home. He broke down and blubbered; and he pleaded with the officer and told him how young and tender we were. We were innocent of all crime and asked only to be allowed to walk back to our happy childhood home, never to leave it again. But the officer would not budge. Then Bugs did something I would have given all my prospects in life to do. As we passed an alley he made a wild dash for liberty.

"Stop or I'll fire!" yelled the officer. But Bugs did not even slow down to a hundred miles an hour. Never in my life did I see a human form fade into the horizon so quickly. Even the officer was amazed. "Damn!" he said eloquently after he remembered how to talk. "If I'd known I was arresting a human jackrabbit I'd have put the cuffs on him! Anyway I've got you and don't you dare try this leg business. Come along!"

I tried my best to die; but, beyond getting dumb and kind of mummified, I could not accomplish anything. We went on—one, two, three blocks—toward doom. Then as we passed a corner four boys surrounded us in a businesslike way.

"Who have you got, policeman?" one of them asked.

"Got a Freshman," said the officer. "He was fighting this afternoon. It will be thirty days for him. Move on, you fellows!"

"Rats!" said one of the strangers. "Do you mean to tell me that this town is going to arrest a Freshman for fighting and send him to the Works for thirty days?"

"That's what I said!" said the officer. "And what is it to you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the biggest of the four; "only we are college men, and before we see a comrade of ours arrested we'll die fighting."

"Get out of the way!" said the officer, drawing his club.

"Never!" shouted a smaller boy, dramatically throwing himself in front of the club. "Club me if you will and take me to jail; but I'll not see this outrage done! Who were the cowards who let you take this man?"

I was vibrating between hope and despair, to say nothing of admiration. If there were ever heroes on this mean old earth these young men were. Think of it! To risk their very lives for me, a stranger! I tried to tell them to go on and leave me to my fate, but I just could not. I did not want them to go. But the policeman was evidently impressed. He scratched his head a minute.

"If you're so fond of this young villain maybe one of you would like to go down to the cooler in his place," he said grimly. "I'll parole him to you if one of you goes with me, and he can come down in the morning."

"I'll go!" "I'll go!" "No; let me go!" "I tell you I'm the oldest!"

For a minute there was almost a row, but the question was finally settled. The policeman clutched a noble-looking youth by the shoulder and he waved his hand gayly at us as he was led to his doom. I sat down on the curb and cried loudly with relief. The biggest of the three put his arm across my shoulders.

"Don't you care, old man!" he said cheerfully. "It's all in a college lifetime. We'll get you off in no time tomorrow morning. Just you come on over to the house and spend the night with us, and we'll see that you get through all right."

I wabbled up the street with them, weak as a sick kitten, but bursting with gratitude and admiration. Never had I suspected that the world held such splendid men! In a few blocks we reached a house, if anything a little bigger than the others I had visited. I shivered a little—these houses had been mighty unlucky for me; but when I got inside, and the men there learned of the outrage that had been perpetrated, they could not have been more sympathetic if they had been women. They boiled with indignation. They would like, they said, to see an officer get into that house and take a Freshman out of it! They'd wad the house up round him and set fire to it first!

For half an hour they seethed; they talked anarchy; they even threatened to burn the station house. I had to plead with them before they would consent to be calm. But pretty soon they cooled off, and I found them to be such delightful companions that I forgot girls and everything else. They insisted on calling me Petey. They sang songs for me—wonderful, rollicking songs—and made me join in. They found I could annoy the banjo and three of them got me to join in an extempore quartet. In an hour there was nothing in the world for me but the Eta Bita Pies, that was what they were.

The Eta Bita Pies were the oldest of all college fraternities—the largest, best-balanced, most carefully chosen and most brotherly. They literally yearned for chances to die for each other. Blood relationship was thin beside their bonds. One or two of them told me all this as I went up to bed, and then they sat on my bed and turned the lights down and told me, in husky voices, how they had fallen in love with me and wanted me to be one of them for always—never to part! And I said, "Yes"—low and gulpy, like a girl who is getting engaged.

Then they pinned some ribbons on me and gave a weird, terrific yell; and the next minute twenty men were in my room shaking hands and whooping until you could hear them ten city blocks away. And I hope to be marooned in a way station between trains for the rest of my life if the loudest of them all was not the greasy villain who tried to bunco me on the train!

"Where did you go this afternoon?" he asked me reproachfully after the noise thinned out. "We've had the devil's own time trying to find you."

"Aren't you a confidence man?" I stuttered. Then I sat down and blushed clear down to my feet, which were bare; I being in pajamas.

"Oh, I see!" said Andrews sadly. "They worked that old gag again. Well, never mind; we got even with them."

"With whom?" I asked.

"The Felta Kaps!" he said in hissing tones. "I saw you with one of them when you left the train—and didn't I muss him up though! But you slipped away."

"Oh," said I, "then it was he who was the bunco man! But he didn't get me—I went away with Briggs."

"With whom?" said Andrews in a loud shriek.

"Briggs," says I.

"Oh, joy and apple sauce!" yelled Andrews, rolling on the bed. "So that's the way the Fly Gammas got you, was it?" And he howled.

"But I went to the Shi Delta House after all," I said. "A couple of girls took me there."

"How?" demanded a dozen voices. I told them how. I also revealed the names of the girls.

"Take them off the party list!" said Andrews to another man.

"But what I want to know," said I firmly, "is, did the Shi Delta House burn up?"

Then I had to tell what happened and there was more joy.

"The Fly Gammas must have used a smoke bomb," said Andrews abstractedly. "Darned good scheme too! But it's all right now," he said to me happily. "You're in the crowd you're made for and all your troubles are over; and when we parade you tomorrow morning the hounds will fall dead in heaps."

At this moment I began to sink rapidly in my spirits.

"But shall I have to serve my sentence?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, darn!" said Andrews. Then he stopped and sat with his head in his hands for a minute.

"Of course not," said one boy. "One of our old alumni borrowed a policeman's uniform and put on that stunt for us."

Then four or five of the larger boys took that boy and treated him most brutally, exclaiming that Sophomores ought to be kept in cages and not allowed at large. As for me I suddenly began to see a great and glaring light. There had been no bunco man. There had been no fire. The police were not aware of my existence. I had been deceived once, abducted three times, once by girls, and finally arrested by an imitation policeman and scared into making an infantile exhibition of myself—all in the interests of rival fraternities. We had been stolen from the Eta Bita Pies by the Felta Kaps, and from the Felta Kaps by the Fly Gams; and then the Shi Deltas had nabbed us and the Fly Gams had stolen us back; and here I was in the Eta Bita Pie House, with a ruined nervous system, while Bugs was probably dead in some alley—butchered, so to speak, to make a Grecian holiday!

After I had reflected on this for about two minutes I put on my hat and started home; but I never got farther than the door. I was a child in the hands of those fascinating young demons. Why, they actually made me believe that they had been doing it all for love of us!

When I had gotten over my mad they put me to bed and started to hunt Bugs, who had gummed up the whole plan by bolting. They found him two days later—at home. He had walked ten miles to the next station on the railroad and had gotten home in time for breakfast, worn off about to the ankles. He was a loyal friend, Bugs was; and in all his terror he did not forget me. While he was waiting for the train he sent my father the following telegram:

"Peter in jail for fighting. Penitentiary! Awful time! Help quick! WILBUR."

I met father and mother on the street the next afternoon, and mother fainted when she saw me. They had come down to rescue me; and the police had denied all knowledge of the affair, which was evidence that I was being railroaded to prison.

There! The whole story is off my chest at last. I am not proud of it. They say I averaged more innocence and unsuspecting gullibility to the ounce than any Freshman who ever entered Siwash. But I'm tired of being a criminal; and if the home folks do not whitewash my reputation after they read this I will stop saving up for the public library I hope to give them when I am old and fat and inexcusably rich.

It is fine to come here, Clara. You always have delicious

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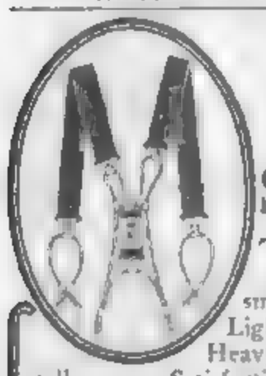

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Mysterious Fish and Other Oddities

IN THESE days of Röntgen Rays and Pujo Committees it might be thought that all secrets have been discovered. Such is not the case. *Homo sapiens* is not nearly as sapient as he thinks.

If the water-power companies keep up their lick we shall soon complete the conquest of the earth; and if the supply of aviators holds out we shall learn a lot of things about the air. But as to the waters under the earth they will have secrets of their own for many and many a year to come. For instance, those eyeless fish in the Mammoth Cave—where did they come from and how do they make a living?"

Again, take that simple, useful and boneful fish, the menhaden, which swarms along the Atlantic Coast, apparently for the express purpose of being eaten by other fish and being made into fertilizer by man. Millions of tons annually are taken from the great menhaden schools sometimes more than two hundred tons in a single haul of a great net. Scores of vessels and many hundreds of men are engaged in the menhaden fisheries—men shrewd in all points of the game; but no one knows where the menhaden comes from or where it breeds in such enormous quantities. Undoubtedly the menhaden travel great distances in their cycle. Some day they will disappear—exterminated by man, as was the wild pigeon and the bison—and they will take their secret with them.

The Indians still think that the buffaloes have only passed on farther north. I have had Blackfeet Indians ask me whether in my travels I had ever seen the buffalo. "Tell us," they would say, "whether it is true that the buffaloes have gone back under the mountain from which the first buffalo came. If not tell us where they are and we will go to that place." So, indeed, they will—before very long.

Hunters of the fur seal have learned its cycle so well that they have nearly exterminated the species. Yet there are some habits and some abodes of these creatures which have not yet been discovered. They make enormous journeys over routes not fully checked.

The cycle of the salmon is one of the most curious and interesting known to sportsmen or to commercial men. The several species of this fish are enormously valuable to mankind. In general we know how to take them in their most defenseless times, have learned to butcher them in the most scientific manner, and have learned the salient facts of their life history. Thus we can trace fairly well the life of an Atlantic salmon from egg to ocean and back, whether as parr, smelt, grilse, or fresh-run salmon—and we think we know that the salmon comes back to its native stream; but, like ghosts, they pass betimes into a world where the eye of man does not follow. They wax swiftly fat and undoubtedly enjoy themselves; but they do not tell us all about it when we take them, fresh from the sea, in some rushing Northern river.

Untold Secrets of Wild Life

What is this game Mother Nature plays with us? Does she allow us to see these species part of the time so that we may use the species, or does she hide the species a time for the good of the species itself? All we can say is that the mystery has been a mystery ever since *Homo sapiens* began his study of it. And sometimes the secret may have lain under our noses for generations without being suspected. Nearly every species of wild life has some strange, unprofitable habit that works its ruin; but sometimes the inhabitants of the waters under the earth offset such unprofitable habit by secrets, which, generation after generation, they defy man to learn.

The distribution of fish by Nature is an interesting study. How did the Pacific Coast species of trout get East across the Rockies? We suppose they came over the passes, where in seasons of high water the water runs either east or west, as the wind may decide, on some high mountain marsh. This does not account for all the streams east of the Rockies found originally stocked with Pacific species. As a young man I have caught mountain trout in the mountains of New Mexico, in streams that were not originally planted, and which, so far from flowing into any other trout water, flow into none at all, but are lost in the sands—such streams as the Rio Hondo or the Rio Felez, with headwaters such as the Bonito or the Ruidoso. Where did the trout come from? Science says birds carried them there. It is hard to stump a scientist while the guessing is good.

Last summer, in a little mountain lake, now called Pyramid Lake, in the Yellowhead Pass country of the Canadian Rockies, I caught examples of a strange lake trout of which I was told. These fish cannot be accounted for at all. Since the railroad had but just arrived, they could not have been planted there, and the lake had no connection with any other water. The fish very much resemble the lake trout of the Great Lakes, but they cannot be identified as the same species. Even if they were, how did they get across the Rocky Mountains—over a jump of, say, a thousand or fifteen hundred miles? There is no such species on the Pacific side. These fish seem simply an unsolved mystery—a species landlocked for untold years, a thousand miles from home.

How Did It Get There?

Again, there is that strange fish found in the Mackenzie River, which the early *voyageurs* of old Sir Alexander Mackenzie called the *inconnu*—"the unknown fish." The traders call them "connies" now, but the fish is still unknown. One feels a certain unhappiness at not having seen one as yet.

The royal salmon family offers continual interest to students. Your true Atlantic salmon can live either in fresh water or salt, or both. The same is true of the trout we call sea trout. Then there are salmon that never get to the sea—the interesting landlocked salmon or ouananiche, which have afforded so much sport to anglers in Quebec, Maine, and other localities of the Northeast. A vast tourist interest has been built up round the ouananiche. It is a grand fish, indeed—simply a little salmon that never got to the sea. How did it get into some of these landlocked lakes where it has been found? It has been planted sometimes; but in many of these lakes it was native, so far as known.

There is a vast amount of popular ignorance regarding the different species of fish, and no nomenclature is more confusing than the different local names of the same species. For instance, the lake trout or namaycush is sometimes called the landlocked salmon. Many years ago considerable excitement existed over the rumor that landlocked salmon had been discovered in a deep lake known as Trout Lake, in Wisconsin. This lake is up in the muskalonge country—one of thousands of lakes in that region; but is the only one known to the writer to hold the species of fish in question. Apparently it is not the landlocked salmon at all, but a landlocked trout of the Great Lakes; and, as near as I can tell, not having examined one, it must be very similar to my landlocked trout in the Rockies. It lies very deep for most of the year, is never caught on any lure—except through the ice in the winter-time—and is never seen except in the spring as soon as the ice goes out, when it runs in schools along the shores—that is to say, it did some years ago. Even the guides are puzzled over the habits of this fish.

There are numbers of other mysterious fish here and there round the edges of the Great Lakes. Some years ago I was invited to Neenah, Wisconsin, to have some fly fishing on mooneyes—a shadlike fish that in those days used to run in June, coming up from the mysterious depths either of Lake Michigan or of Lake Winnebago, which is connected with Lake Michigan by a river. We found these fish very eager to take the fly in the evening. It was a branch of sport once locally famous and somewhat used for tourist purposes. I presume it does not now prevail, for Winnebago is much netted. The mooneye was worthless as food and no one seemed to know why it was made, whence it came or where it went. I remember I caught a mooneye and a wall-eyed pike

once on the same cast of two flies. They looked rather ghastly in the dusk, ocularly speaking.

Another piscatorial feature of Wisconsin in earlier years was the annual spring run of striped bass in the Wolf River. For about a week—usually in early June—these fish would pass up that river from Lake Winnebago in countless thousands, and men came from many miles about to salt them down by the barrelful. It was no trick at all to take in any quantity desired, as they would bite eagerly or could even be scooped up in handnets. Sometimes this spring pilgrimage was attended by a heavy run of black bass also. There is no stream of the writer's acquaintance that has had so distinct and heavy a run of these two species as the Wolf. The netters have cut down both these species of late years, law or no law. For a time the striped bass of Wolf River made history—but history with a blank page in it, for the fish were rarely seen except for a week or so in the springtime.

Perhaps in some Western city, such as Chicago, you may of late years have had offered to you—sometimes in June, more recently even in the winter-time—a fine, fat, luscious little fish called the cisco. This fish is not dissimilar to the herring of the Great Lakes, but is better eating. Withal, it is one of the most mysterious of our Western fish. Every one in Chicago knows the famous spring run of cisco in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, which lasts usually about a week some time in June. The fish are never seen at any other time of the year, but presumably go to the deep water. In their spring run they school on or just under the surface. Then the boats go out with light tackle and have all kinds of fun taking cisco. This is one of the greatest features of that exclusive resort lake.

So mysterious is the cisco in the minds of local anglers that some men have gravely asserted their belief of the certainty of an underground channel between Lake Geneva and Lake Superior—a distance of some two or three hundred miles! Lake Geneva is one of the deepest of the bodies of water that dot lower Wisconsin. So far as I have heard, in all the hundreds of lakes in that region there are only two besides Lake Geneva that ever have shown the cisco; and it is only within two or three years that the fish has been discovered in these. They are both in one county, many miles north of Lake Geneva. The cisco do not seem to school here in such great numbers, but by accident were discovered near the surface one spring two or three years ago. Since then they have been taken through the ice in both lakes. Perhaps they will be exterminated in this way, for now you begin to see cisco on the menus of cafés in the winter-time; but certainly for a long time the Wisconsin cisco have kept their secrets. Why are they found only in these few and widely separated lakes? Perhaps other cisco lakes will be discovered.

Salmon Taken Near Gary

You hear all kinds of curious things about different species of trout in and round the Great Lakes. The brook trout are, of course, native to Lake Superior waters and many lakes of Wisconsin and Upper Michigan. The giant rainbow trout of the Sault Ste. Marie are planted fish of course. In the lower peninsula of Michigan the brook trout was not native, but was planted, and has wholly taken the place of the delicious and mysterious grayling, which has gone forever. Rainbow trout also have gained great size in some of the larger rivers of the lower peninsula—the Père Marquette, the Muskegon, and others. They were planted as fry from the Pacific Coast. Continually rumors crop up of some of these large fish working down the rivers and out into Lake Michigan, after the habit of salmon or the brook trout, rather than of the rainbow trout. The warm waters at the mouths of some of these rivers, however, usually, and perhaps always, keep them back in the stream.

As to brook trout the matter is well established. The greatest brook-trout fishing round the Great Lakes is for brook trout that live, both in the streams and in the Great Lakes, in a sort of semicycle peculiar to themselves. The deep waters are their real home and they do not move into the rivers until late in the summer, when the spawning season approaches. Here, usually on the rocky reefs, they formerly afforded very keen sport—on the south coast of the upper peninsula, on the southern shores of Lake Superior, all round Isle Royal, and generally along the north shore of Lake Superior. These are the same trout that made the Nepigon famous. They are less numerous now than formerly, for the remorseless nets of the commercial fishermen have swept them away; but for a long time their habits, or some of their habits, were well known to anglers. These trout could remain in the rivers all the year if they liked, but they prefer to go to the deep waters of the Great Lakes for most of the time, their habits being quite similar to those of the Atlantic salmon.

And now remains one of the most curious facts of the natural history of the Great Lakes—the one that set the writer to thinking about some of these mysterious ways of fishes, and led him to put some of them down in print. For many years there has been a rumor—sometimes from well-posted men—to the effect that there has been a run of salmon in Lake Michigan! Of course this is not possible. None the less it is true!

These salmon stories began to be prevalent in Chicago about five years ago. Last spring friends of the writer assured him they had seen and eaten salmon taken in nets in the lower part of Lake Michigan, about four miles below Gary, Indiana. I presumed that, of course, it was some spring run of the lake trout, namaycush; but this was scouted at once by well-posted anglers who had seen the fish very recently. They were taken in gill-nets, usually just below the surface, rarely more than two or three dozen a day being taken by all the fishermen in the business thereabout. These men say that the run begins when the ice goes out and lasts until nearly June, the fish running shallow and close inshore.

Lake Michigan Goldfish

With several angling friends I saw a basket of these fish at a local sporting-goods store, where they had been brought by an angler who purchased them from the netters, and who was good enough to make presents of them to some of his friends. The fish ranged from two to five and a half pounds.

As they lay on the counter, fresh run, clean and silvery, these were the most beautiful fish of the salmon family I have ever seen in the West. They were, indeed, salmon, fresh run from the sea—only the sea was not salt—and they were taken in the sea itself and not in any stream tributary to it. We all examined these fish closely, and there seems to be no doubt they are the landlocked salmon, or ouananiche, so well known in our Northeastern states and Quebec. In shape the fish is precisely salmosalar, silver scales and all. Along the back and the upper parts of the sides run rows of black dots, which on close examination prove to be little black crosses—in short, the marking of the Atlantic salmon itself.

Three years ago a sportsman of Chicago saw an eighteen-pound salmon taken from the net below Gary, and it was a totally distinct fish from these of which mention has been made. It was without doubt a quinnat salmon—a Pacific Coast fish, easily distinguished from the landlocked salmon of the East.

Where did these fish come from? That is easier to answer than to tell where they go. Some twenty-five years ago plantings were made along the west shore of the Michigan lower peninsula—especially in Grand Traverse Bay—of steelheads and quinnat salmon, and very probably of landlocked salmon. These fish, for all we know, may be very well established and on the increase though their habits and habitat remain utterly mysterious. None of them has ever been known to run into any river emptying into Lake Michigan.

At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, as is well known, all or a great number of the exhibition fish were dumped into Lake Michigan. That was in 1893. Perhaps some of these landlocked salmon of Lake Michigan may be survivors of that event. There were other survivors. Four years ago a net fisherman in the lower lake, near where they now catch these landlocked salmon, nearly jumped out of his boat when he found in his gill-net a genuine fork-tailed goldfish that weighed two and a half pounds! Ordinarily one would look in a parlor rather than in Lake Michigan for an animal of this kind. It is the only one ever found in Lake Michigan, so far as known; but if it survived, why not others? There are several mysteries yet to be solved in the depths of that deep body of cold water.

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GETTING A WRONG START

(Continued from Page 13)

and their nervous temperament. It was my own soul I was eating. Cut, sore, humiliated terribly over my persistent failures—no one will ever know what I went through in those days.

However, no one must suppose, through all this, that I was a meager and pale-faced supplicant. Without any affectation I can say that I was a young man of some energy and a natural hustler. I hustled in those days! I began to take some business. They increased my salary to twenty-five dollars a week—later to thirty dollars, and soon commissions on my business began to come in. I should have stated that I was doing a weekly news letter covering all the branches of sport to which my paper was devoted; and this news work took a certain amount of time. I rather enjoyed this writing, but I do not think my employers figured it was worth anything at all. So long as their share of the new business I took exceeded the money they were paying me they did not make any serious objections to my continuing the work; but I do not think they ever figured that what I wrote was worth anything whatever—the paper was mostly made up of gratis contributions. Yet at that time, so rejoiced was I at having this opportunity to work, I had pretty much settled down to one modest ambition: I resolved to become the best posted man in America engaged in the journalism of outdoor sports. Perhaps at one time I might have been said fairly well to have attained this ambition—I do not know. Certainly I was very fond of the work.

Our journal was one of fine ideals—too fine, as I now think. The paper was badly published as I now regard those matters, and it lost a splendid business opportunity. All the beautifully illustrated outdoor magazines have come up since then, and some of them have made money. Yet this journal was the first in the field, and it ought to have held down all that opportunity. It did not do so, but published with caution rather than acumen, went along serenely, and, I think, never made a great deal of money in all its career. Very possibly my old boss spent a fortune in it—I do not know. It was his pride to keep it what it was; and when he parted with the remnants a few years ago it went down with all its old colors nailed to the mast. It was a gentleman's paper, owned by a gentleman and offered to gentlemen.

Pleasant Work and Modest Income

I worked very hard in those times, and perhaps, had it been on some different journalistic possibility, my own future might have been otherwise. Fifteen years, no doubt the best and most energetic of my life, I devoted to that work, much of the time feeling that the fight was hopeless; but all the time my boss was kind and considerate, and all the time the paper itself was clean and high. Dear old boss, with his black pipe and his meditative look and his kindly eye—he will never know how many a time I tried and tried again on the old paper, feeling that it was something like trying to spur a dead horse into life! Since those times one of my employers has died; but my boss—the one with whom I had most frequent relations at that time—is alive today, as kindly and gentle as ever, and no doubt as much devoted to tobacco. When at last, after fifteen years—which covered a period of much change in outdoor journalism in this country—he concluded to fire me, no one was ever put in my place. It will be seen, therefore, that my work did not classify with the records of most men who have risen to success in journalism.

I have never worked harder in my life than I did at this time—and I do not know that I have ever been any happier. Those were still the days of the railroad pass, and through that gentle agency I traveled pretty much all over the country. Many a wild trip—one or two rather unusual ones in their way—I made ostensibly in the interest of my paper, but I fear somewhat with my own preferences considered in the matter. I did not make much money—my best years rarely netted me over three thousand dollars, without counting in what I earned by writing on the side for other papers—but my expenses were little and my travel did not cost me so much then as it does now. The worst thing about the life

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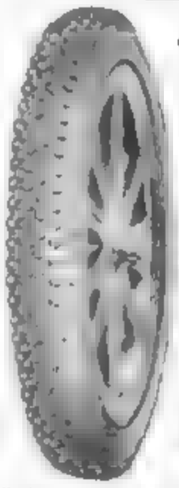

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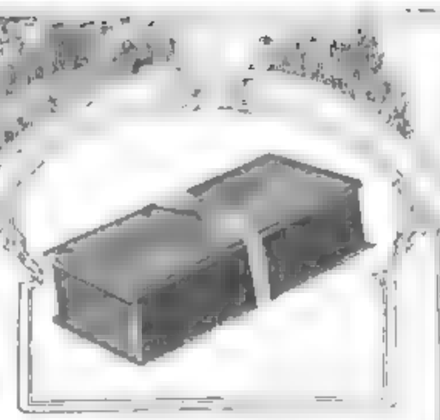

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was its unsettling quality. My love for independence, my passion for the wilderness, my distaste for civilization and my restlessness under restraint grew stronger and stronger. Let me stand as a horrible example.

It will be seen that I still was a rolling stone—still had no home—still had no business hours. Perhaps I was destined and foreordained to be a free lance. At least it seemed to work out that way. Our business had to do with leisure and not with business. I was thrown in continually with men who were having holidays going in for sport. Usually a man will spend money freely in those conditions; so all my world was one of large-handedness, of freedom from care, of pleasure -not of business. It was rather a peculiar calling, but, as it seems to me now, a very delightful one. So I went on, carefree, happy in my calling, not caring much about money, doing a little something for my people and a great deal for myself. I never intended to marry or to make a home for myself. I cared nothing for my future any more. Convinced that I was not so very much of a fellow, it was my simple ambition to be the best-posted man in my own business; and I could see no further ahead than that.

The Handicap of Diffidence

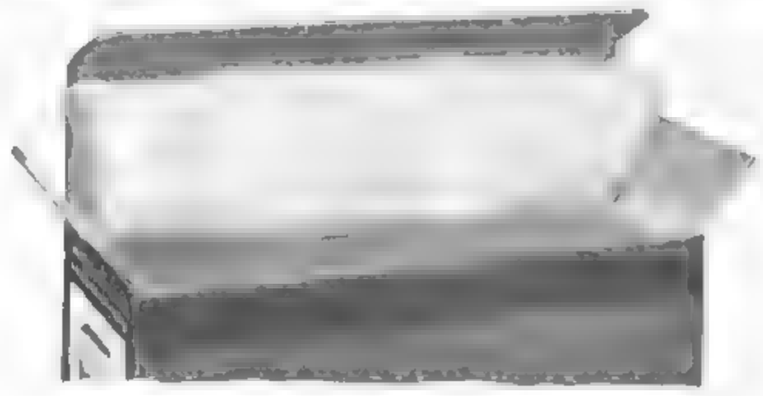
Still, the failure of my past always rankled in my mind. Therefore sometimes I would sit down and try to analyze the causes of it all. Neither then nor now could I figure it all out, but I reduced it pretty much all to one thing—the wrong start. Ah, if all parents could see the importance of getting their sons started early in the line of work they know they want to follow! There is everything in the way a young man starts in the world. If he begins with success he gets confidence in himself. If, on the other hand, he starts out and meets a series of rebuffs, he is apt to lose confidence. In that case he may perhaps grow shy, diffident. My own heredity, combined with my many years of failure, implanted in me an ineradicable diffidence.

Now mix that feeling with an equally ineradicable feeling of personal independence and you will find about as bad material for an advertising solicitor as you could well devise. It was always absolute torture for me to solicit for anything or to ask any favor or any special privilege—I never wanted those things; and yet, as I have explained, my success in soliciting business was the only hope of my continuance in my work. Now if I could have gone directly to the boss of the advertising appropriation into which I wanted to break, and could have sparred him ten rounds in the hall, winner to take all, I should have been entirely happy and, I think, fairly successful as an advertising solicitor. But unfortunately I was often obliged to accept more or less discourteous rebuffs from eight-dollar-a-week clerks, whose heads I sorely wished to punch. I do not think I felt above my business; but I certainly felt very much above a lot of the men I had to meet in my business, and I was very unhappy in those days in that phase of my work.

I have said I spent fifteen years of my life in this work. Why did it not succeed? Let us analyze the question. Events prove that there was not much of a future for this paper under the policy laid out by its responsible heads, and in the conditions of business as they later were to develop. Moreover, so far as I personally was concerned, the essential part of my work was distasteful to me—absolutely so. Besides this, I was asked to divide time with myself and to be both a successful advertising solicitor and a successful writer for my paper. I do not think any man can be both those things at once—at least, he cannot achieve any great future and be both.

Sometimes I have felt rather sad over part of the time I wasted in this work. For the last ten years of my connection with this paper—perhaps the best ten of my life—I could have afforded, had I only known it, to have paid my boss ten thousand dollars a year for firing me, and still have made big money on the trade. But at that time I thought mine was the pleasantest job in the world and the only one I was ever apt to get; and when at last my old boss fired me he broke my heart. I felt as though my life was gone! There have been some sad times in my checkered career, but I believe that was among the saddest.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on Getting a Wrong Start. The third will appear in an early issue.



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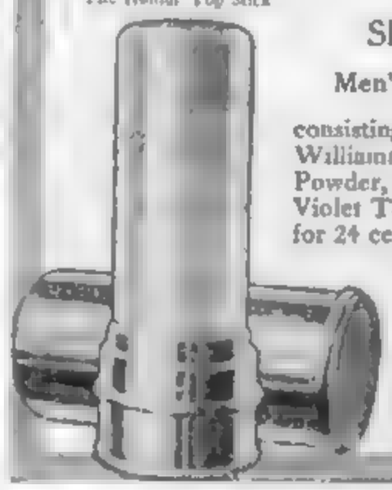

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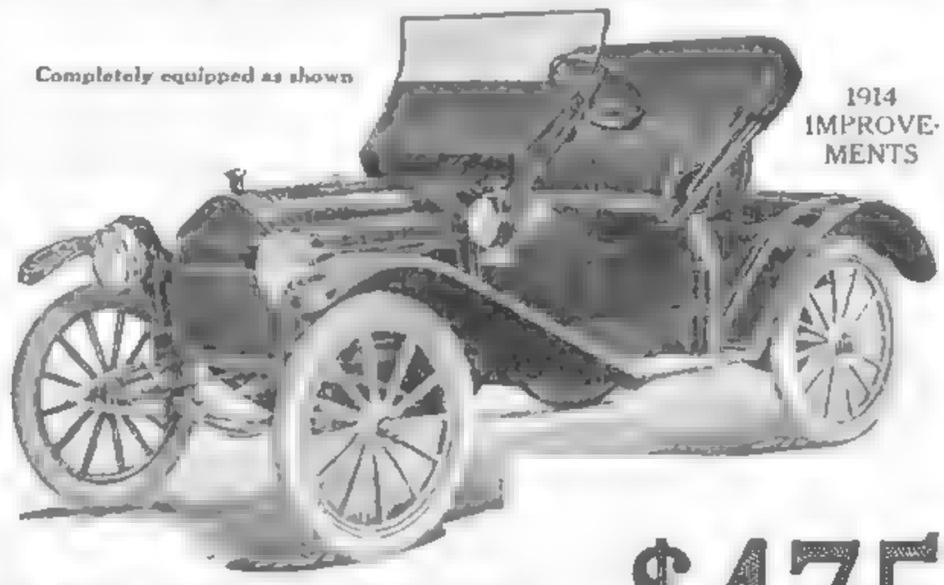

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THE MORTGAGE

(Continued from Page 10)

that you seem incapable, as a sex, of grasping. Now listen to me, and notice that I say nothing about 'ought' or 'mustn't.' I have no objections, my child, to chaste men or truthful women—quite the contrary, in fact! I say, merely, that if the average man were not honest, the human race would begin to slide backward, and if the average woman were not chaste, the sooner it slid, the better!"

He paused and shook his finger at her. "All this from the point of view of the race, you know," he said, "the only point of view I am at liberty to recognize. You, of course ——"

"Of course what?" Lutie demanded suspiciously.

"——are an individualist. You are a woman, to begin with; a modern young woman, to go on with; a modern American young woman, to finish with. Nothing, of course, could be more individualistic. As to how all that will work out in the next generation, it remains to be seen."

"Perhaps ——" Lucia began stiffly, then stopped.

"'Perhaps'?" her father repeated encouragingly.

"Perhaps I'm thinking of the next generation in what I'm doing!"

"Perhaps you are," he answered politely. She colored angrily.

"But you don't believe it?"

"Frankly, I don't, my dear."

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Not at all. Because I know you know that if there were anything in your marriage with Max that was likely to injure the next generation, you would have heard of it long before now from me. Because you know that I shouldn't have been so delighted with the whole affair and done all I could to bring it about. No, no, my dear. There are many men who, in justice to the next generation, should never be allowed to marry our daughters, and if our daughters persistently refused to marry them, the race would bless the day that opened their eyes. But Max is not one of them."

"Then you think that I ——"

"I think that you are suffering from a very old malady, my dear, that was bad enough when your sex endured it one by one. Now that you add to its personal pangs the irritation of a collective grievance, it becomes a greater and more dangerous force, but I can't see that it is essentially different."

"You mean ——"

"You won't like it, Lucia!"

"Go on, please, father."

"It is called jealousy," said Dr. Stanchon quietly. "You used to say, *'How could you? How could you? I don't!'* Now you say: *'If I can't, you shan't!'* For all I know, one may accomplish where the other failed, my dear."

"But you don't think so?"

"I don't say not."

"Oh, no! But if *I* should behave as Max has ——"

Lucia stopped abruptly and braced herself for the storm.

"Well, my dear?"

Her father's voice was calmly speculative and she went on.

"If I should behave as he did, wouldn't that affect the next generation either?"

"More so, I imagine, than any other one thing that could happen to it, Lucia!"

"Oh, how unjust you are! How sickeningly unfair!"

"Unfair?" he repeated, in obvious surprise, "I unfair? What have I to do with it? Did I plan this little interlude of human life on this particular ball of earth? Anything you don't like you call unfair. Don't you understand that since the first seabeasts fought in the primeval slime, one great contest has been going on eternally, one great problem has been solving itself, by rule of thumb, through blood and torture and oppression and frightful mistakes that have sent whole races to the scrapheap? The 'efficiency' slogan is as old as the hills, dear girl, and Nature will 'scrap' a sex as relentlessly as you will a filing cabinet, in your prison reform offices, if she needs to. And I admit that she often has, to a certain extent and for a certain time. For what is she after?"

Lucia's eyes never left his face. She saw suddenly why the learned bodies he addressed listened to him so willingly.

"She is trying to make the best and most enduringly flexible type of human being," he went on, enveloping her in the magnetism of his low, warm voice—the voice she had inherited, "and after every possible sort of experiment she has found that she most nearly accomplishes it when she mates a brave and honest man with a chaste and kindly woman. That is her lowest common denominator: that she must have, in the vast majority of cases, in order to make the human type a success. And the reason is obvious. If man is not brave he can't win out personally; if he is not honest he can't advance collectively. If woman is not kind he doesn't want her; if she is not chaste he can't keep her.

"Upon this basis you may build as many virtues as you wish—or can; but experience shows that this is the basis. And men have always known this. So that a brave man and an honest man has often been a profligate, but David is nevertheless a hero. And a kind woman and a chaste woman has often been a stupid woman. But humanity has always known what 'manly' meant, and what 'womanly' should be, and no generation will ever bully us into believing that one must be chaste and the other logical."

"But, father, mightn't they be? Couldn't they be?"

Lucia's hands clenched in her lap; her lip quivered. Was this tide of all the ages what she had swept at so contentedly with her neat little broom? Did things move as slowly as this, in spite of all her committees?

"Oh, that's different! That's different!" he cried, and comforted her with his rare, warm smile.

"Work at that all you like, my dear. That's just civilization. Look at the children of chaste men and clever women, and see if more of 'em aren't worth working for! But," he gave her a whimsical glance, "the kind of people that are working the hardest, just now, seem to forget the necessity of starting true to type."

He chuckled thoughtfully. Lucia leaned forward, eager to catch his lowest word; never had she felt so fascinated by his frank and friendly talk, as with an utter equal.

"It's like those grab-bags your Aunt Judy was always arranging for the hospital fairs," he said. "Nature starts the little boys and girls at the great mysterious Bag and gives them years of 'chances.' Only, to get into the bag at all, Aunt Judy's little clients had to have some five-cent pieces, and to stand any chance in Nature's big game, they must start with something in their fists, too. So the Old Lady says:

"'Here, little boy, here is courage and honesty; take them and grab what else you can. Here, little girl, here is kindness and chastity; give one away and hold the other tight, and as much else as you can manage you're welcome to!'

"But, of course, accidents happen. The Bag is full of accidents. It almost seems as though we could have packed it better ourselves ——"

He looked at Lucia, who blushed, and resented it, and loved him all at once.

"It was hard to give the little boy high spirits enough to make him brave, and not give him too much. He was daring and therefore curious. So he has always made a great deal of trouble. And it was even harder to make the little girl chaste without making her cold, and to keep her kind without letting her get easy-going, on the one hand, or scheming and slavish, on the other. And for whichever of these mistakes she made, the little boy has always blamed her severely. He has had the easier job, for it is much easier to be brave than to be kind; so he has always grabbed more out of the Bag and had more room to carry it—her arms have been so full of babies, for one thing. But with everything that he has pulled out for himself he has pulled out something for her, too; and of late years all the mechanical toys he happened on seem to have been adapted to her uses, so that she has set them all working for her, and gained so much time and strength that now all she needs is for him to invent an incubator for her babies, she thinks, to make her as free to grab as ever he was! And maybe he will—maybe he will.

"But whatever he invents, he knows he must be brave or she will not love him, and whatever she grabs, she knows she must be chaste or he cannot love her. Believe me, dear, this is true, and it was true when 1913 was B. C."

"But education," she murmured.

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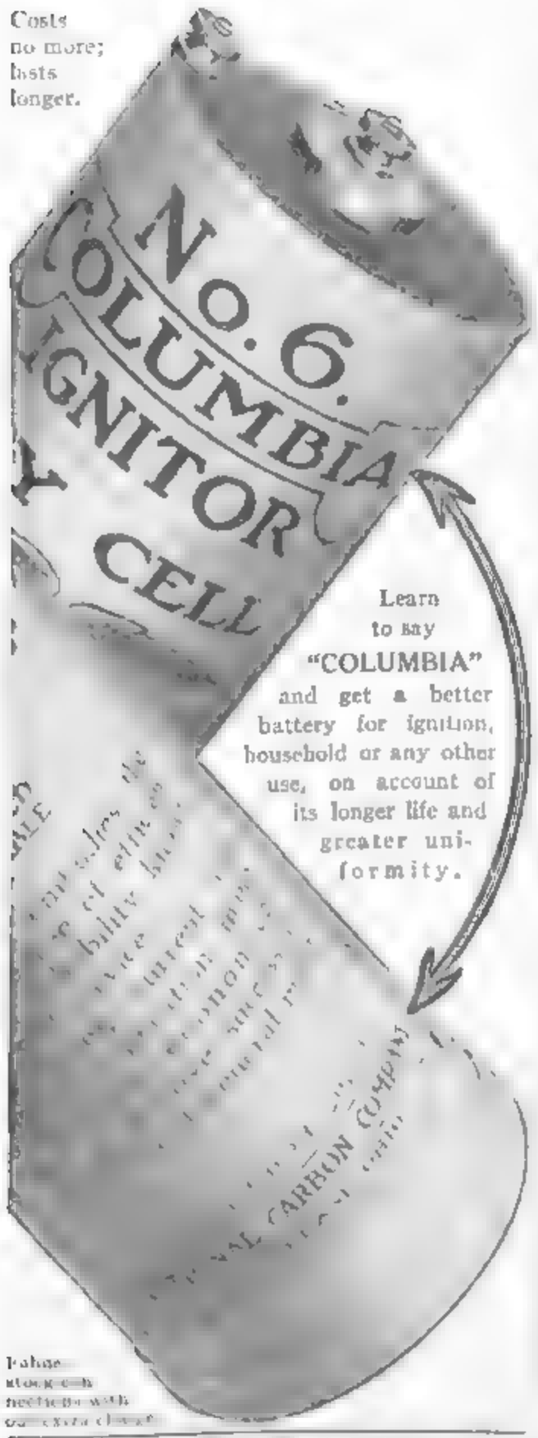
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"If education advances till 19,130 it will still be true, dear," he said.

Lucia fled across the space between them and buried herself in his arms.

"Oh, why can't they all be like you?" she cried, between tears and laughter. "I always said I'd marry you, when I was little—you're the only one that understands!"

"You're wrong, dear," he said quietly. "Max will understand."

"But he doesn't! He says it's absurd. He says he wishes he'd never told me!"

"You must give him time, then. And from his point of view it is absurd, you know. This generation goes on too fast for itself, even. Why, see here, Lucia: your grandmother wouldn't have allowed the mention of this other woman in her presence; your mother would have been merciless to her, and thought herself more than justified; you insist upon handing Max over to her! What is he to do? What is he to think?"

"If he prefers that sort of woman——"

"Come, come, Lucia, be reasonable! How can he prefer her if he gives her up for you? Has he seen her since he knew you?"

"Of course not," she said coldly.

"And that is nearly a year. Can't you see he is free?"

"How about her?" Lucia murmured against his shoulder. "Perhaps she isn't 'free,' as you call it. Has she no rights?"

"Not one, dear, not a shadow of one," he said gravely. "Whatever bargain she may have made, be sure she knew—and knows—that that was the principal clause in it. She has no rights."

"It wasn't a bargain," she murmured, her face hidden. "She wasn't—she was—oh, father, she wasn't that sort of woman! They just—it was just as if—oh, you'd never understand!"

There was a long pause.

Doctor Stanchon sighed and lifted his daughter off his knees, at length, and rose silently.

"How strong he is!" she thought.

He walked slowly into the library and over to his great desk that held the overflow of its mate in the downstairs office, and unlocked, with a key on his ring, one of the inner drawers. From this he took a black, japanned dispatch box, and unlocked it with another smaller key. He fumbled about in the box a moment and came back with a paper in his hand. As he unfolded it from its stiffened creases Lucia saw that it held a small, old-fashioned photograph, mounted on a foreign-looking, satiny cardboard. He handed it to her in silence. It was the picture of a beautiful woman, with smooth hair worn in what used to be called the French twist, and the small waist and looped draperies of the early eighties. The eyes smiled at Lucia, under graceful, arched brows, but the mouth was a passion of sadness. It was the face of a woman not much older than the girl who looked at it, but Lucia would not feel as old for ten years to come.

"Who is it, father?" she asked, and glanced from the picture to him. He was quite pale and seemed twice about to speak, but no words came.

"Did you—were you in love with her once?" she asked gently, touched by his moved, white face.

"Very much so," he said, quite firmly now. "She had the same claim upon my life that you resent in Max's."

A flood of red poured over her; it seemed that she was burning.

"Oh!" she cried and choked on something in her throat, "oh, father!"

"Yes," he said quietly, "that is just what I mean. I want you to see. I don't know any other way."

She stared, unseeing, at the picture. "You too! You too!" she whispered.

"I too," he said. "Is it so hard, Lucia? It was all before you were born, you know. Shall I tell you about it?"

"I—I suppose so," she agreed listlessly. It seemed she must be dreaming.

"I was very young," he said, standing before her as she drooped in her chair, "and she was very beautiful and very unhappy. Her husband was a brutal, cold-blooded fellow who neglected her utterly and had lost all pretense of interest in her or her children long before I ever met her. I was shy and lonely and proud, and I had never been in love in my life—really. We were the only English-speaking people in the pension. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see," she answered, and hated her voice for sounding so cold, but could not meet his eyes.

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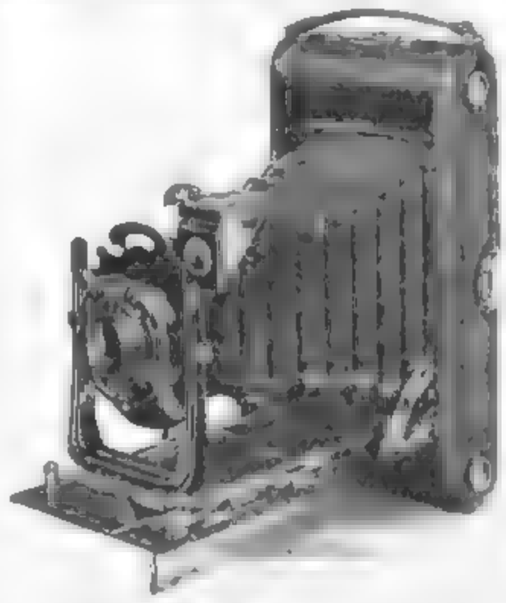

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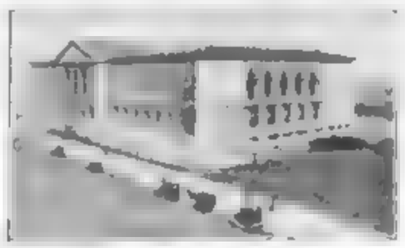

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"Of course I should have taken her away," he went on simply, "but she would not give up the children. And he would never have divorced her, she always insisted, and she absolutely refused to ruin my career. And of course it would have ruined it."

"*Is this my father? How can he tell me these things?*" she thought.

"She was nine years older than I," he went on steadily, "and I thought I could never care for a mere girl after that. But she knew better. And when I met your mother, she knew from my letters. I was going back to tell her, but she wrote me this." He handed the creased letter to Lucia, and she took it awkwardly, still not meeting his eyes. It was not very long, but she was slow at reading it.

"*Dearest Dick:* I know from the way you write that your only reason for crossing the ocean again is to tell me something. Do not bother to come, dear Dick, for I know it already! What I have waited for every day of my life since we began, has happened, and now that I'm certain, I feel a strange sort of relief. I suppose you won't understand. I hope you'll be very happy, my dear, and that she is as good and lovely as you deserve. Is it the girl that had the runaway horse and you saved her? I am sure it is. I hope I haven't been bad for you, dear, or hurt you—how I have cried over it all! God knows I've paid for my happiness. You'll never know how I've worked and planned and lied right and left to protect you from your own chivalrous folly! I believe I shall never tell another lie—how I hated them! When your letter first betrayed you, I wished I had never met you, and felt dreadfully bitter, but that's all over now. I've had many, many feelings in our two years that you never knew, dear, dear Dick, but I knew I had no right to have them and I kept them from you. I wish I could see her picture. Could you tell me when you have children? You were so gentle and thoughtful when little Elsie was ill! I'll never forget it. And don't bother about me—it will only be what it was before you came. And I shall feel better about the children. It would be worse to have you just grow tired of me, you know. Don't ever think that again, 'that you ought to despise yourself,' dear. When a woman does what I did she knows the price she must pay. I did, and I will pay. *C'est tout.* And I shall always remember you lovingly. But don't come—don't come! I have had three months alone already, and I'd rather go on from there. Be happy, dearest, dearest Dick, and don't quite forget YOUR ELSIE."

Lucia folded back the letter and her heart ached at it, but her face was cold and stiff.

"Did my—did you ever tell ——"

"Your mother? No, never. She couldn't have borne it."

"Is—is she dead?"

"Oh, yes, ten years ago."

"Did you ——"

"I saw her, yes, but she was unconscious."

"How dreadful!"

He smiled sadly.

"It wasn't dreadful really, Lucia. I came, just to see if there was anything I could do. We were not lovers then, you know."

"Oh!"

"Her husband had grown much kinder—his health was completely broken—and he felt her death much more than I did. You see, she was his wife. But he had his children."

She stared at him, confused and resentful.

"What was really 'dreadful,' if you like, was the time, shortly after I married, when she was sick and lost her grip on herself and sent for me. I couldn't go because your mother wasn't well, and I had to refuse her. It was very hard, for your mother wasn't seriously ill, and for any legitimate excuse I could have gone, but I couldn't explain this and I wouldn't lie."

His face twitched and he sat abruptly in Lutie's chair opposite her.

"I can't describe how it cut me," he said painfully, "it seemed so—so *low* to refuse her! But that's part of the price."

"But what did she pay!" Lucia cried passionately. "Think of that!"

"I have thought of it, child," he said, and a silence fell between them.

"You think it's all one-sided, don't you?" he went on after a little. "It's not so, Lucia. But each pays his own price in his own way. Mine—oh, it seems absurd now, but how I suffered under it! Do you know, would you believe, that from the moment I knew you were to be born till you were oh, fully a year old—I lived in perfect terror lest you should look like her! I used to dream of it at night. It was purely an *idée fixe*, of course, but it haunted me and spoiled all my pride in your coming."

He sat quiet, and insensibly Lucia's heart began to soften, her nerves grew quieter. He seemed her father again.

"There was the other thing—after your mother died," he went on. "You were only two, you know. We had been very happy together. And the moment after the funeral, when I sat alone, trying to remember your mother's face as I had seen it last, well and smiling—all I could see was *here!*"

He shook his head.

"It was the merest trick of the imagination, of course. I almost never thought of her, then—but it possessed me and I could never actually recall your mother's face—not even in her coffin. I have learned since that it's fairly common. Many men have told me of their inability to picture their wives mentally, but I didn't know that then, and I had a bad year because of it. It turned me bitterly against her, too, and I never answered the kind letter she wrote me, poor Elsie!"

Lucia shivered at the name, but her father had ceased to look at her.

"I thought it was a judgment on me," he said musingly, and then: "It was all so long ago!"

He had forgotten her entirely.

"Oh, child!" he burst out suddenly, "don't try to play Providence! Who are you, to punish and decide? Do you think Life doesn't attend to that? When we hand you over those valuable pieces of property, ourselves, do you suppose we don't know if they're mortgaged? Do you suppose we don't regret? But we hope we can lift that mortgage, in time, and start our sons unencumbered. Don't you see? Our sons! I'm not the first man a mortgage has steadied, Lucia! Is that an example, then? No, no, a hundred times, no! But it's a solace, my girl, it's a solace.

"You can burn the letter now, and the photograph, if you like," he said, taking her hand that clenched so tightly on them. "I suppose this is why I didn't do it before. But there's no more reason now."

Her fingers tightened silently.

"No? I suppose I shouldn't have shown them to you? The impulse took me, and you know what everybody always says about those impulses of mine. I don't dare not follow them," he pleaded.

"But if it's made you hate me, Lutie——"

How boyish he looked! It was like Max there. Were all men the same?

She gasped, laughed unsteadily, then great sobs shook her and she was in his arms.

"Hate you? I never loved you before!"

She clung desperately to him, but her storm of weeping did not alarm him.

"It's all right now!" he whispered.

"I—I'll marry any one you say, but I'll never leave you!" she murmured at last. "I never had you really, before, did I?"

He held her tighter.

"Was it because I told you?"

She nodded soberly.

"I suppose so. And yet—I don't see why. A—a mortgage is a mortgage!"

He kissed her wet eyes, more tenderly than any lover.

"*And I must lose her!*" he thought, half resentful, half proud.

"Darling girl," he said, low in her ear—was she more woman or child to him? "Never mind us—what do we matter? Take us, you and Nature, mortgaged as we are, and build us into those great, living properties of yours, the new generations! It's you that count!"

She nestled closer in his arms and sighed.

"We count for too much to risk the mortgage, I suppose!"

He held her off at arms' length and looked hard into the very core of her honest eyes.

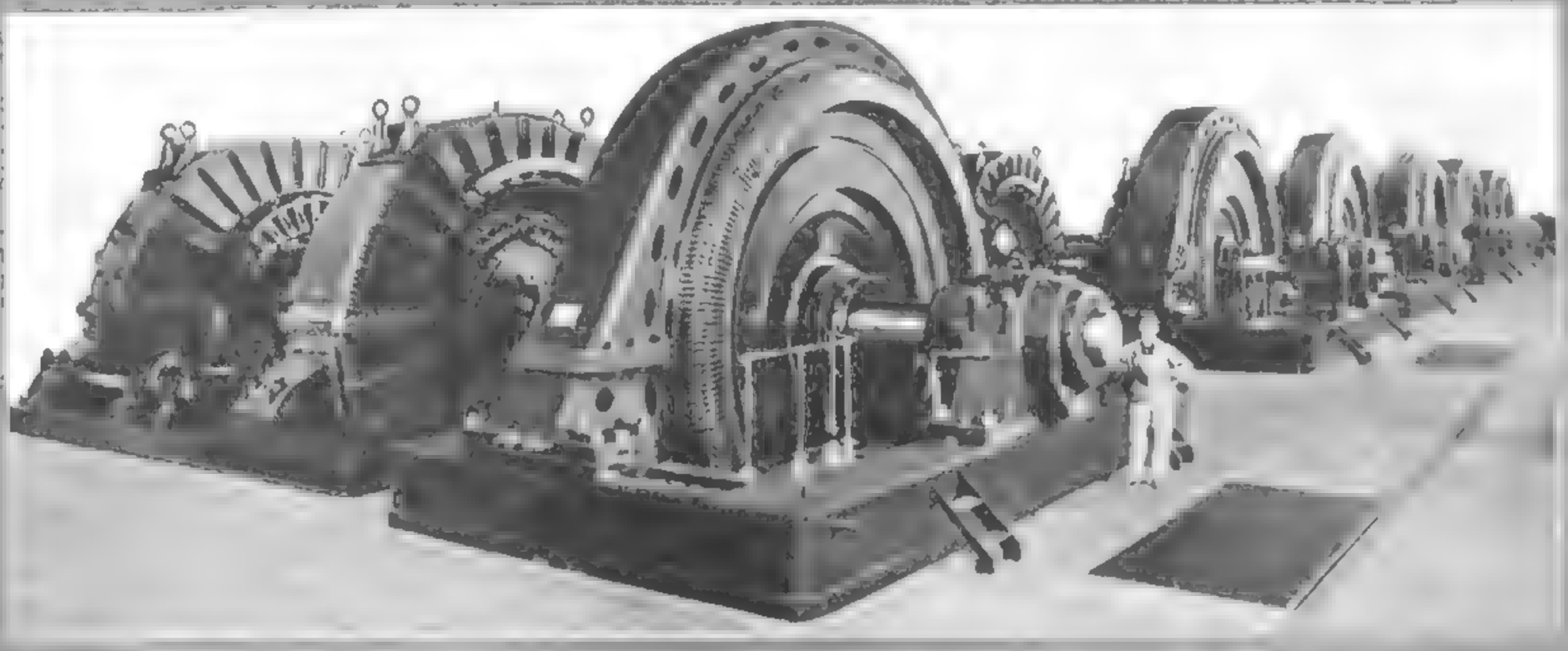
"So much, that we don't call it a mortgage, daughter," he said. "Do you know what Nature has taught us to call it?"

She caught her breath.

"What?" she whispered, terrified suddenly at his cold, appraising eyes.

"It is one of the few things that history, religion and science have agreed upon," he said slowly, "and the sons of Adam have learned it once and forever. We call it a flaw in the title, Lucia, and we look elsewhere when we are ready to build—we look elsewhere!"

And in their meeting eyes the past and future met.



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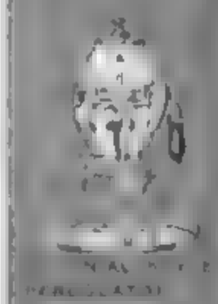

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BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 19

There was usually a smile on her wide, boyish mouth, and she made open mockery of his weakness, treating him as one might a sick child.

Penfold was slow in finding his legs again, but the fourth day out of bed found him able to walk about a little. In appearance he was scarcely changed by his illness, for his skin wore a rugged look that came of several years in the open air, and his broad, bony frame, when clad in loose serges and flannels, concealed the lack of flesh. As he strolled down the magnolia road one bright day in February nobody would have taken him for a man just out of a sickbed. The unaccustomed exercise brought a flush to his lean cheeks, and his gray eyes were bright and clear. He had slipped quietly away from the gardens, wishing to be absolutely alone for a little while to rest and think. The road he followed led down to Mrs. Duane's private landing, as the estate was several miles from the town.

Walking slowly and none too steadily, he presently came to the little pond where the tame decoys were kept, and he paused for a few moments to watch them as they paddled about, diving occasionally after the corn that was thrown into the water by one of the keepers. He was thus idly employed when a blithe voice behind him said with a gayety that was not entirely natural:

"So this is where you are hiding! I've been looking all over for you with this telegram."

Penfold turned and saw Edna holding out the official yellow envelope.

"Thank you," said he, taking it from her hand. "I'll see what it's about, if you'll excuse me." He tore it open, glanced at it a moment, then read aloud:

"Have secured option on Skipton tract at proposed terms. Impossible to control right-of-way between creek and county road.

"TRUMBULL."

"That's the land I've been trying to get for the Duane Home," Penfold explained. "It's near my old family homestead in Talbot County, Maryland. Good summer and winter climate and the land goes right down to the Chesapeake Bay. Mrs. Duane will be very pleased."

"How splendid! Were you named after the county?"

"Not exactly; the county was named after one of my ancestors."

"Really?"

"Yes. My mother was a Talbot."

"Were you born in Maryland?" Edna asked, seating herself on a rustic bench that had been placed near the edge of the pond. Penfold, whose legs were beginning to feel the unaccustomed exercise, seated himself beside her.

"Yes, I'm proud to say. Maryland is a good state to hail from. Just think of it: Maryland produced Joshua Barney, the first commodore of the United States Navy, and Samuel Nicholson, who commanded the Constitution, and Stephen Decatur, and Jesse Duncan Elliott, and John Rodgers, who fired the first gun in the war of 1812, and Captain Maddox, who first raised the Stars and Stripes over the Pacific Coast of the United States, and Winfield Scott Schley, and Francis Scott Key, who wrote the Star-Spangled Banner, and no end of other great patriots. Certainly it ought to be a good hatchery for future stalwart Americans. It's in the soil, and if these youngsters that Mrs. Duane proposes to start in life don't absorb some of its high ideals it won't be our fault."

Edna looked at him under her long, lowered lashes.

"Perhaps now that she is going to marry dad she may not be so keen about the Duane Memorial Home for Children," she suggested.

"From what I know of her," said Penfold, smiling, "she'll be all the keener. You see she's a woman with a tremendous sense of humanity and personal obligation, and she will want to make some return for the happiness that's come into her life. Because she is radiantly happy, isn't she?"

"Of course she is," said Edna with a catch of her breath. "Why shouldn't she be? The man she loves loves her devotedly, and he's a man worth being loved by." She began to push a pine cone about with the toe of her little shoe.

"I can't tell you how glad I am," said Penfold. "It changes the whole situation of your family, and removes what I felt to be the one great objection to her charity. I think that now she will be content to devote not more than half of the Duane millions to the home, as I urged her to do when she first told me about her proposed idea."

Edna gave him a swift glance.

"You urged her to do that?" she asked.

"Yes, I tried to persuade her that charity, like everything else, is just as important in principle as in practice; and that it shouldn't be carried to an extreme that would arouse antagonism among those who were nearest and dearest to her."

"She never told us that," said Edna in a low voice.

"Why should she have told you? Her mind was made up. She was rather cross with me for having presumed to oppose her scheme of devoting her whole fortune to the Duane Home, so I dropped the argument, and then went ahead on the basis of just half the sum she authorized me to consider at the disposal of her endowment. In fact I went considerably under it, as I wanted margin enough for expenditures that can't be foreseen."

"But why did you do that?" asked Edna.

Penfold shrugged. "I thought she needed restraint," said he; "and apparently I was the only one in position to exercise it. When I learned that she had a family of which she was very fond, I made myself the conservator of their interests, as you might say. I simply would not have allowed her to give away her whole estate, and once I'd got the thing running I think that I could have managed to hold her in check."

Edna kicked the pine cone into the water. Her face was troubled and perplexed.

"But what I can't understand," said she after a moment's thought, "is why you should have bothered to consider us. Your own object in life is helping the poor."

"But it's not, Edna." The girl thrilled at his use of her Christian name, even though the tone was rather that of a parent or a patient teacher. "My object in life is to help people who are in need of help, as all of us are. They don't have to be poor. The rich need help just as much—more, perhaps, because their responsibilities are greater and their example is so terribly important to so many more people. Personally I would rather convince a man like your father, who is strong and dominant and naturally kind and represents a certain thoughtless class, of his responsibilities than to give a lot of money to a lot of very poor people. I think that the ultimate result would be better for the greater number of persons. All that is required is a little imagination. There is just one thing that clogs the wheels of society, and that is selfishness. There's nothing that we have more in common and nothing that is harder to overcome."

"But it's human nature," she objected.

"It's nature," Penfold admitted, "but it's not so very human."

"You mean that human beings have responsibilities that the lower animals haven't?"

"Of course. And the more fortunate classes of human beings have responsibilities that the poorer classes haven't. The latter are too busy, as a rule, getting their three meals a day and keeping a roof over their heads to think much about anybody but themselves. Why should they? And yet they do. Everybody who knows anything about it will admit that the poor do more for the poor than the rich do for the poor—*pro rata*, of course."

"You are a bit of a socialist, aren't you?"

"No, I believe in preserving class and caste distinctions, and the distribution of wealth according to ability and honest effort, or even the accident of birth, for that matter. But I am a strong advocate of the brotherhood of man, and don't believe that anybody should let a fellow human being suffer when he can help to prevent it. The trouble with the rich is more lack of imagination than unkindness of heart. Many a rich man would go down with a sinking ship rather than take a place in a lifeboat from an emigrant child. Yet he might let the same child starve in a tenement not five minutes' walk from his house. Starving is a lot worse than drowning. In China there is a law that if one saves a child from drowning, one is responsible for that child afterward. It sounds foolish on the face of it, but the idea is consistent enough, and is based

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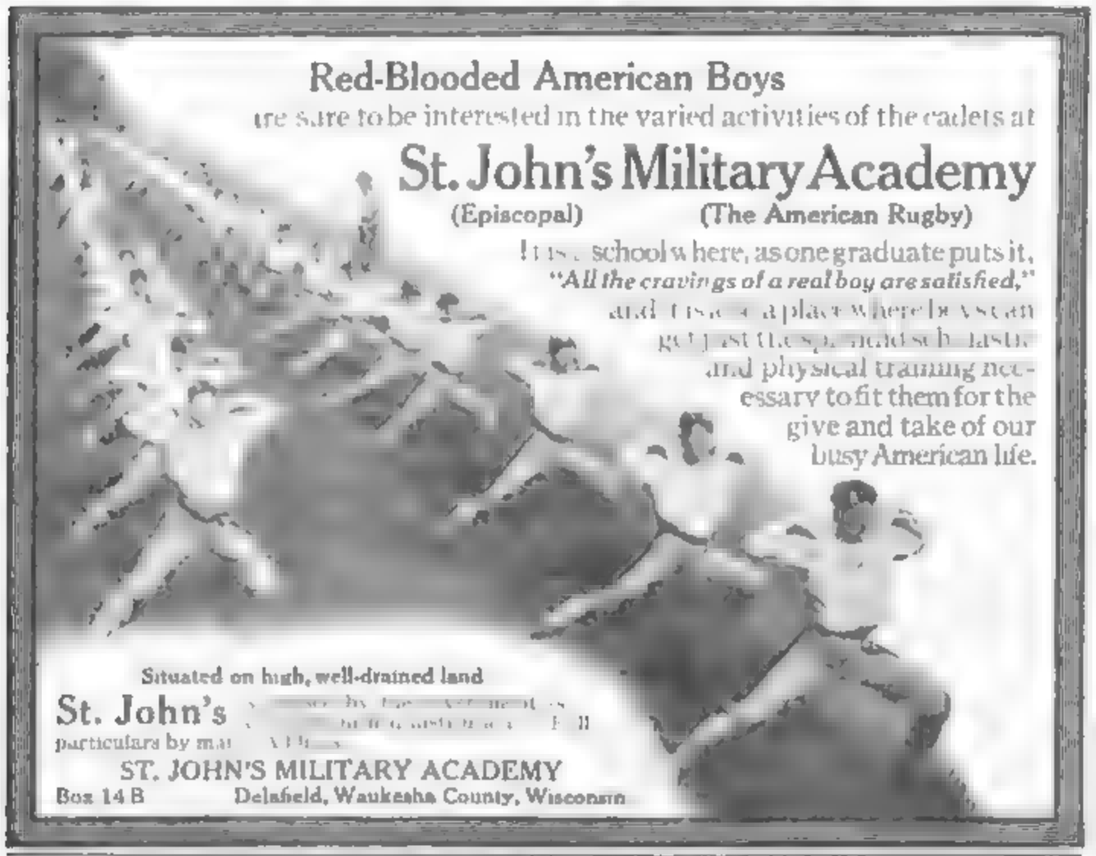

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on the theory that there is just as much responsibility in preserving a life as in begetting it."

"Do you believe that?" asked Edna, whose eyes had never left his face. "Because if you do, how about a life saved from starvation and death, from hardship and exposure—let us say in the Florida woods? Wouldn't the moral responsibility be the same?"

Penfold gave a short laugh and his eyes met hers! Edna's face was pale and the breath fluttered through her red, parted lips. She regarded him steadily, with a sick, yearning expression that troubled him. He leaned toward her and laid his hand on hers, which turned upward to clasp it. A ripple ran through the girl at the contact. She caught her breath and crowded a little closer, watching him hungrily.

"I don't think that you are in any great danger of starvation now, Edna," he answered quietly.

"But I am starving, Talbot!" Her voice was a low-pitched wail. "I would rather that you had left me in the woods than that you left me now. Do you remember how you held me in your arms at the foot of that big pine and comforted me and brought my courage back? I did not need you then nearly as badly as I need you now, dear. There it was only a question of my body, but now it's my heart and soul besides. If there is a responsibility attached to the rescue of a body, Talbot, how about the rescue of a soul? I was a wicked, selfish schemer, and I went ahead deliberately to try to hurt you with Aunt Nell. I couldn't bear the idea of her giving all her fortune to this charity, and closing up her big places and leaving us all to shift for ourselves. I thought that very likely she had fallen in love with you ——"

"Fallen in love with me!" cried Penfold, staring at her in amazement.

"Either that or else that she might easily do so. I knew that you had been constantly together for two weeks before she came down here. I did not think that she would sacrifice us merely for an idea; so I tried deliberately to hurt you in her eyes; to make her think that you were light and superficial, and to disgust her with the whole scheme. That was what was in my head when I made you kiss me in the woods on our way to the camp, and it was on that account that I tried deliberately to get us lost. You thought that it was just coquetry and a desire to make a romantic situation, and when I told you that it was something worse than that you did not understand. Do you think I was very wicked, Talbot?"

She looked at him imploringly, a warm mist in her eyes and her face white and strained. Her clasp of his hand tightened.

"No," he answered slowly; "just terribly mistaken."

"I realized that when it was too late. It was not only for the money I did it; it was a lot for dad's sake. He has loved Aunt Nell for years. He asked her to marry him before he asked mother, but although she loved him, she would not marry him, because she thought that he was idle and selfish and could never help her in the life she had resolved upon. So you see I wasn't thinking of myself alone, but of dad."

"Was Lucia in the plot too?" Penfold asked dully.

"No," Edna answered without the slightest hesitation. "I'm the only catty member of the family."

Penfold's face lightened. Edna observed the change of expression, and her own face contracted as if from a sudden pain. Her clasp of Penfold's hand tightened.

"Are you in love with Lucia, Talbot?" she demanded.

"Yes, Edna. I want to marry her—when she's grown up."

The girl stared at him fixedly. Her pupils seemed to dilate; her lips quivered. Then suddenly the tears gushed from her eyes.

"Lucia's grown up," she answered tremulously. "She's more grown up than I, if she is five years younger. I hope that you will marry her, Talbot, and be awfully happy."

The tears overflowed. Suddenly she crowded close to him.

"Kiss me, my dear," she cried, "and then I'll go away and stop bothering you about my silly self. Kiss me and tell me that you forgive me for—for—everything."

Penfold turned to her suddenly, but before he could speak her arms were round his neck and her face crushed against his. Then she was gone, leaving him with wet cheeks and the taste of brine on his lips.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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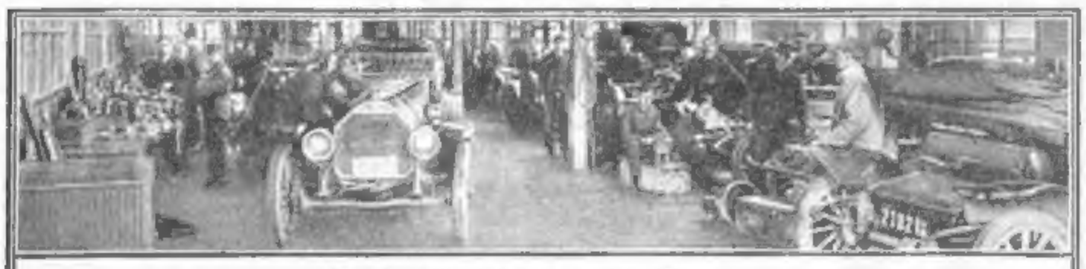

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WHAT NEXT?

The Movies of Tomorrow

TALKING moving pictures in colors are the wonder of the present months; but still greater marvels are near at hand. Three objects in moving-picture presentation are now being sought by inventors all over the world—stereoscopic moving pictures; continuous pictures in place of the present rapid flashing of pictures at the rate of sixteen a second; and moving pictures by telegraph.

The stereoscopic moving pictures may be expected to appear at almost any time now, for several countries have recently issued patents for devices that apparently are successful. Such pictures would do away with the flat-photograph appearance on the screen, giving depth of background, and vastly increasing the illusion. One of the great European firms producing moving picture films claims to have a system that it will soon put out which produces lifelike relief by an ingenious application of the laws of refraction and of reflection.

An American inventor has constructed a moving-picture apparatus that gives practically a continuous image in place of the present sixteen-a-second intermittent flashing picture. To the human eye the sixteen-a-second picture seems continuous, owing to the phenomenon of retention of vision; but, no matter how smoothly the picture moves, there is some appreciation by the eye that the picture is rapidly flashing. If the pictures do not move smoothly the eye suffers, though to what degree is a matter of controversy. This inventor conceived the idea of making each of the sixteen-a-second pictures dissolve into the one following, just as stereopticon pictures often are made to dissolve into their successors.

With the ordinary moving-picture apparatus, no picture is shown on the screen one-quarter of the time. Sixteen pictures a second is the standard practice; so each picture is shown three sixty-fourths of a second, and then for one sixty-fourth of a second a shutter closes, cutting off the image from the screen while the next succeeding picture moves up into place. The new dissolving pictures, as they might be called, are never shut off from the screen. The film from which they are projected moves continuously at a constant speed, but a mirror picks up the proper picture and throws it on the screen.

The mirror itself has a slight motion to counteract the moving film and keep the image on the screen still and steady. This image remains on the screen a fraction of a second, and then a second mirror picks up the next picture and throws it on the screen while the first mirror proceeds to take its image off the screen, one thus dissolving into the next.

The first mirror then hurries away and picks up the next succeeding picture for its proper turn on the screen, and so on. The dissolving from one picture to another occurs so quickly that it is not noticeable to the eye, but the effect is that of a continuous picture, with no flicker.

A vast amount of study is being given abroad to methods which would eventually mean moving pictures by telegraph; but that is still in the laboratories.

Yet it is not fantastic to expect in a few years the talking, colored, stereoscopic, continuous-image moving pictures.

A Bungalow in the Air

A CHICAGO architect has built for his own use a bungalow that is probably the queerest located bungalow in the world, even though bungalows have long been associated with queer locations. It is on the top of a skyscraper building on Lake Shore drive, one hundred and ten feet above the sidewalk. The main building is a luxuriously fitted apartment house. Gardens and a pergola aid in making the roof location pleasant.

The bungalow is of white cement, with green slate roof, green shutters and French windows, and has ten rooms. On the lake side is located the dining room. The balustrade or cornice round the roof of the main building has been turned into a garden. Another peculiar feature of the bungalow is that it has no screens, though it is designed for summer as well as winter use; for it is so high up that flies or mosquitoes are seldom seen there.

The Eclipse of 1991

FOR long-distance predicting Professor David Todd, of Amherst, has made his mark, for he has expressed the opinion that on July 11, 1991, on the mountain peak of Popocatepetl or Orizaba, in Mexico, there will be a great gathering of astronomers and other scientists—possibly a greater gathering than any one of the sort ever taking place before that time. He has determined that on that date there will be the finest eclipse of the sun ever known since eclipses were first predicted with certainty, and these peaks will be the choicest grandstand seats for the performance.

As eclipses are the only opportunities for studying certain qualities of the sun and sunlight, and as the energy from the sun, which supports all life on earth, is arousing more and more study because of the possibilities for human progress it offers, he feels certain that in 1991 there will be even more interest in eclipses than there is at present.

One reason why it will be a remarkable eclipse is that it will be total for seven minutes and ten seconds. The longest one ever known was six minutes and twenty seconds, while the longest one that can ever happen can only be seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds.

Another advantage is that the sun will be directly overhead, so that there will be the least possible amount of interference from the atmosphere. The great interest in an eclipse is the corona, a hoop of light that appears when the moon entirely hides the sun. It is from the corona that many of the most important secrets of the sun have been learned.

Professor Todd has found that in the next three hundred years there will be nine total eclipses of the sun visible in Mexico, many of them fine ones, though none so valuable for study as that of 1991.

Loading Coal by Suction

THE vacuum-cleaner principle is having new applications every day; but one of the strangest is for the unloading of coal cars. A big Austrian power plant is being equipped to handle all its coal by vacuum pipes. Coal that is graded according to Austrian standards as dust coal and nut coal is delivered in carload lots to the plant, and a great pipe is dropped into the car. The coal is sucked up through this pipe and carried to the storage piles, two hundred yards away. Coal for the boiler fires is carried from the storage pile by other vacuum pipes direct to the fire and there fed in by mechanical stokers.

Caves of Refuge

REFUGE caves are now being proposed as a means of saving life in coal mines. The idea is to have in each mine one or more caves dug out of the solid coal or rock from one of the main passages of the mine. The entrance to the cave from the main passageway would be a long, narrow tunnel with three or four sets of massive doors, so that the cave would be explosion-proof. In times of danger miners who could not get to the surface would go to this cave and shut themselves in.

A considerable proportion of deaths in coal-mine disasters is due to the after-effects of an explosion rather than to the explosion itself, and often the miners have lived for hours or even days before they suffocated. The caves would serve under similar conditions.

Air would have to be supplied in the caves, and this could be done either by small boreholes to the surface, such as are not uncommon in coal mines, or by pipelines—built so as to be explosion-proof—running through the mine passages. The cave connected with the surface by a borehole could be supplied with air freely and kept in touch with the surface by a telephone; and food could be sent down through the hole.

A cave connected by a conduit through the mine could also have telephonic communication with the surface, but it would be necessary in this case to keep a quantity of concentrated food and some water stored in the chamber. Supplies of medical first-aid materials and a pulmotor for reviving miners overcome by gases could also be kept in the cave to advantage.

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JULES GOUX

Winner of the International Sweepstakes 500-Mile Race, May 30, 1913, breaking all records for 301-450 cubic inch class for 200, 300, 400 and 500 miles; holding world's record for 106 miles, 307 yards in one hour; winner of the French Sarthe Grand Prix, gives the following opinion:

Messieurs:— ***le 31 Mai-13***

Une des choses les plus inexplicables pour moi sur les voitures Américaines est leur système d'éclairage.

En France, l'éclairage par l'acitylene à démontre sa supériorite, il est universellement sur les voitures de grande valeur.

Je ne puis comprendre comment tant d'automobilistes des États-Unis peuvent sacrifier la comdite et le prix de l'éclairage à l'acitylene.

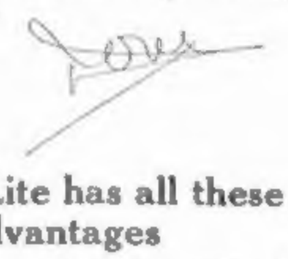
(Translation)

Gentlemen:—

One of the many unexplainable things to me about American automobiles is the lighting systems of many of the cars.

In France gas lighting has proved its supremacy over all other systems and is the universal system. Practically all of the high-class cars use it.

I cannot imagine why many of the motorists of the United States will sacrifice the low cost and the dependability of gas lighting.



Prest-O-Lite has all these advantages

It is simple, substantial, safe. It breeds no annoying troubles, needs no expert repairing, demands no attention that any garage cannot give. It is reliable, doesn't go out suddenly, and doesn't leave you stranded in the dark. It gives the best practical driving light, for any one who really wants to see the road ahead. And it costs the average user less than $10 per year.

And, with an automatic lighter, its superb convenience is fully equal to that of the most costly lighting system.

Is it better to make your own light, or buy it ready-made?

Decide this matter with your eyes wide open.

If you are under the impression that light can be created mechanically for practically nothing, it is time to stop and think.

Mileage tests by our experts show by simply disconnecting an engine driven system, without removing its weight from the car—

14% less gasoline consumption

The user of mechanical lighting may easily figure whether he is using power which otherwise would be wasted, or power which otherwise *would not be needed* if Prest-O-Lite were used.

The quite general increase in the bore and stroke of American engines, and the increased weight in American cars using such systems, is a clear answer on this point.

We emphasize "American" because the famous European cars are lighted by acetylene.

Several prominent car manufacturers are now recommending that the lighting equipment furnished on their touring cars *be not used* on their powerful Speed Roadster models. Why?

If extra weight and the consumption of power is a handicap to even such powerful cars, what does it mean on more moderate-priced, moderate-powered cars?

If the dealer contends that the power loss due to mechanical lighting is unimportant—

Test it before you buy

Make a test on a gallon or half gallon of gasoline.

Make another test, after disconnecting the lighting mechanism.

Test it on a hill. Note the difference obtained by merely disconnecting the system.

Fuel is only a part of the story

Get the detailed printed instructions for the care of mechanical lighting systems (these booklets come with most of the cars thus equipped).

Judge for yourself whether you are competent to care for the system, and if so, whether you are prepared to devote the necessary time and attention.

These INSTRUCTIONS must be followed, either by yourself or some one else, or the user must pay for repairs or replacements due to his neglect.

If the dealer claims that the manufacturer's printed instructions can be ignored and that the mechanism demands slight attention, protect yourself—and get it in writing.

Demand this protection

"Will you guarantee that my expense from this lighting system during the next two years will not be three times as much as for Prest-O-Lite?"

The time to do all this is **before** you buy the car.

Guaranteed light

Prest-O-Lite can be purchased from us or from any dealer on 30 days' trial, returnable if unsatisfactory.

Pin down the dealer and the manufacturer and see whether their faith in any other lighting system is so strong that they will **guarantee** your satisfaction.

Or whether they are simply giving you what you unthinkingly ask for rather than risk the loss of a sale.

Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite, and an automatic lighter, if you insist. If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any of our Service Stations or any dealer can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

Before you decide on any lighting system, post yourself thoroughly by sending for a free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," printed by permission, which gives all the facts on lighting prepared by one of the foremost authorities.

JOE DAWSON

Winner of the International Sweepstakes 500-Mile Race, May 30, 1912, breaking all world's records for 200, 300, 400 and 500 miles; also winner of the Cobe Trophy in 1911 and many other famous races, and the present holder of all free-for-all Speedway records above 200 miles, states his views on the lighting problem as follows:

Gentlemen:—

When it comes to good light—really good light that shows up the road—there's only one, and it is Prest-O-Lite.

I use Prest-O-Lite on my own car.

Of course, it's reliable—everybody knows that. And it gives the best light, for anybody who really wants to see the road.

Why should I add extra weight and parts to my engine and cut down power without getting any better light?

I've just had a Prest-O-Liter put on, so I can light my lamps from the seat, and it surely is convenient.

I've had lots of experience with lighting systems and I see no reason why I should use anything but Prest-O-Lite.

I'll guarantee to beat any car of equal size, equipped with any other lighting system, on any road, any night of the year.

Joe Dawson

"Push-the-button" lighter for gas lamps

The Prest-O-Liter, or any other good automatic lighter, enables you to burn gas in any or all your lamps, and to light, dim, or extinguish any or all your lamps from the driver's seat, with the utmost ease. The Prest-O-Liter is about as simple as an electric door bell. Should it ever be temporarily out of order, YOU STILL HAVE LIGHT, because you can always fall back upon the match if need be.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., 210 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.

Canadian Main Office and Factory, Merritton, Ont.

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta; Baltimore; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago (2); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Indianapolis; Jacksonville; Kansas City; Los Angeles; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; New Orleans; New York; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portland, Ore.; Providence; St. Louis; St. Paul, Minn.; San Antonio; San Francisco; Seattle; Syracuse. IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

Insist on Gas Lighting!

The Prest-O-Lite Company,
210 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Please send free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," to-
Name.....
Address.....

W. K. Kellogg

What They All Look For

Looking for the Kellogg signature is a habit quickly learned by folks who love corn flakes for their flavor. You won't find the Kellogg flavor in any but the Kellogg package. Freshness, too, is in the Kellogg package. Kellogg's without its flavor would be famous for its freshness—without its freshness it would be famous for its flavor, but because it has both it's "what they all look for."

Good anytime, anywhere, whoever eats it.

ART CONTEST

$4,850.00 in Prizes for Pictures of Children

Artists, Amateurs and Art Students, send for book, "Childhood in Art," with details of the Kellogg Prize Art Competition. 1st prize, $1500; 2d prize, $500; 3d prize, $350; ten 4th prizes, $250 each. Even if your picture does not win a prize, we will buy it if it has merit. Competent judges have been selected from the Art Staffs of well-known magazines.

Amateurs or Art Students please mention the name of their art school or teacher. Address

The Kellogg Prize Art Competition
381 Fourth Avenue **New York City**